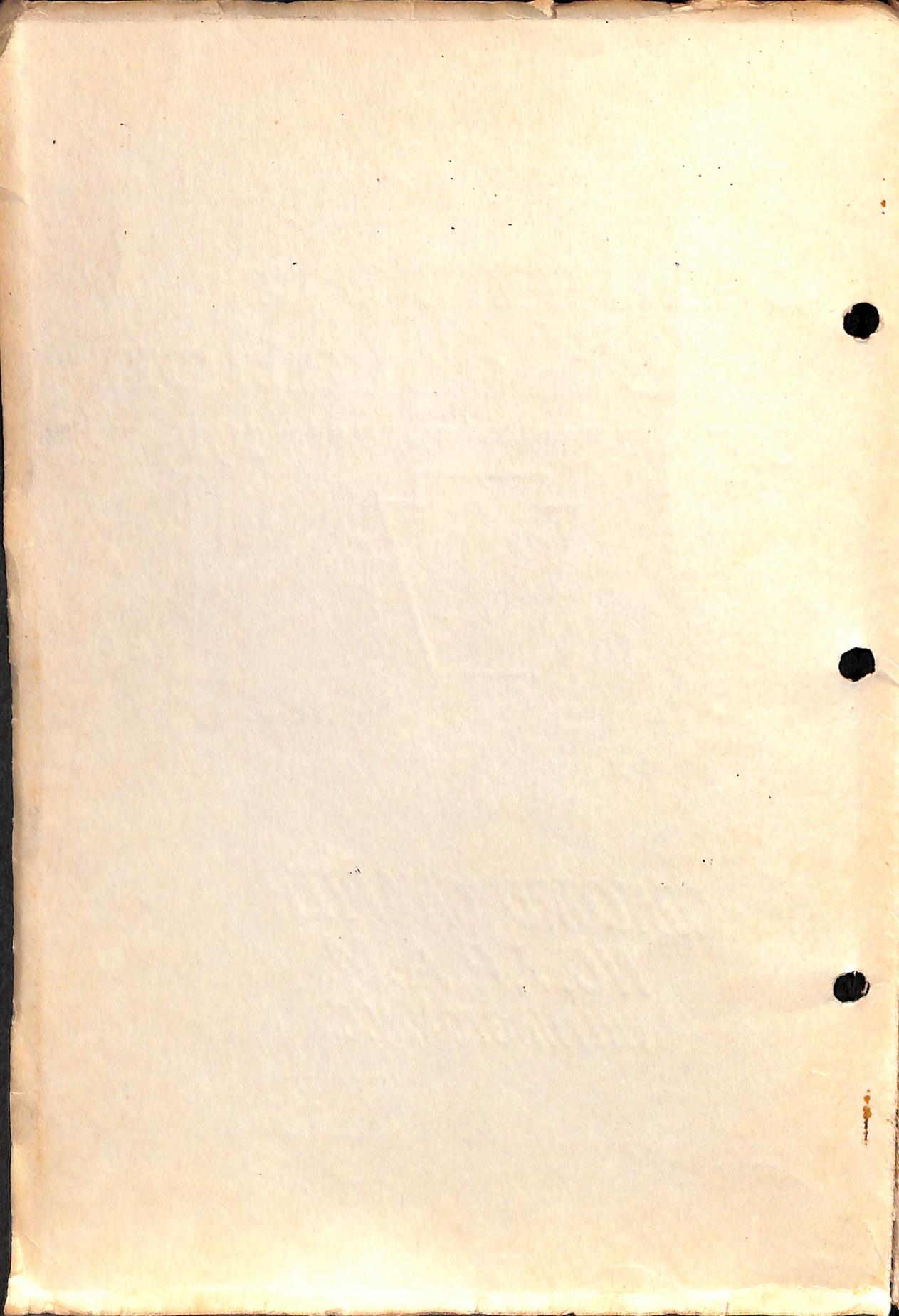


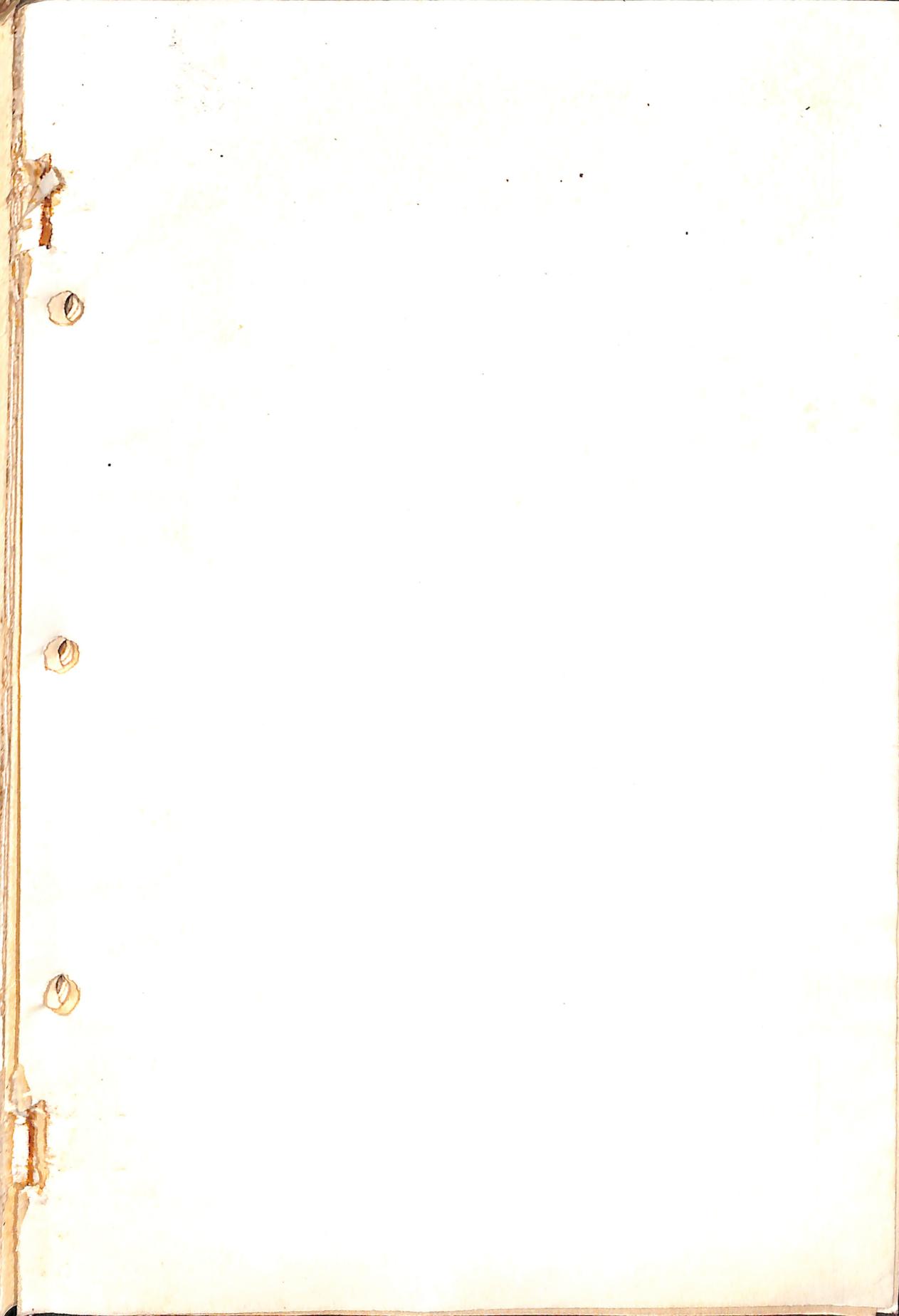
Centennial Celebration

1815 ————— 1915



CONCORD CHAPTER
NO. I.R.A.M.
WILMINGTON, N.C.







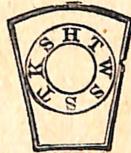
OFFICERS CONCORD CHAPTER R. A. M., 1915

1815

1915

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF
CONCORD CHAPTER NUMBER
ONE :: ROYAL ARCH MASONS

CEREMONIES HELD IN MASONIC TEMPLE
WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA
JUNE THE EIGHTEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED
AND FIFTEEN



CONCORD CHAPTER No. 1, ROYAL ARCH MASONS,
of Wilmington, N. C., received its Warrant from the General
Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States,
May 4th 1815, the Centennial being observed June 18, 1915.

We do not intend to assume to ourselves unusual honors or distinction. All honor belongs to our ancient Brethren and Companions, and our pride is to perpetuate the memory of their labors and hope that our days may be prolonged and our labors benefit posterity.

We are living in a day when Masonic research is awakening in this country. With humble submission we conceive it to be our duty to add to the means of discovery, and satisfy the curiosity of our brethren by furnishing them the small quota of information we possess; that perhaps, when from all directions facts have been accumulated, the truth will be brought to light.

With fraternal greetings this publication is dedicated to the Craft.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF CONCORD CHAPTER NUMBER ONE ROYAL ARCH MASONS

Held in the Masonic Temple
Wilmington, North Carolina, June the Eighteenth
Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

When the officers of Concord Chapter No. 1, R. A. M., were elected and installed for the ensuing Masonic year, it was observed that this was the hundredth anniversary of their charter from the General Grand Chapter, and a suggestion that the Chapter celebrate this, the Centennial, was agreeably accepted, and the three principal officers were designated as Committee of Arrangements for an appropriate celebration.

The Committee on Arrangements, consisting of John Thames, High Priest, as Chairman; W. R. Nye, King, and E. L. Fonville, Scribe, designated the following as Chairman of the respective committees to complete arrangements for the celebration:

Entertainment—B. H. STEPHENS, P. H. P.

Reception—O. H. SHOEMAKER, P. H. P.

Invitation—JAMES H. TAYLOR, Jr.

Banquet—ROBERT C. deROSSET

Historian—W. B. McKOY, P. G. M.

It was decided to celebrate the Centennial on June 18, 1915, and the Chapter was accordingly

convened in Special Convocation on that day at 4 o'clock, P. M., with the following Officers and Companions present:

OFFICERS



JOHN THAMES
High Priest

W. R. NYE
King

E. L. FONVIELLE
Scribe

S. L. BOYD
Captain of the Host

O. H. SHOEMAKER, P. H. P.
Acting Principal Sojourner

THOS. J. MOORE
Royal Arch Captain

E. O. PENNEY, P. H. P.
Treasurer

JAS. H. TAYLOR, Jr.
Secretary

W. N. BETHEA
Master 3rd Veil

R. C. DeROSSET
Acting Master 2nd Veil

E. E. GRAHAM, (Balt. No. 4)
Acting Master 1st Veil

H. K. HOLDEN
Sentinel

COMPANIONS



W. K. Allen	C. F. Nurnberger, Jr.
C. F. Strunck	A. T. Clark
J. D. Price	Jas. C. Munds
E. L. Hart	O. H. Shoemaker, P. H. P.
W. B. McKoy	J. E. Matthews
J. W. Freeman	W. E. Storm, P. G. H. P.
C. S. Taylor	C. C. Brown
R. H. Pickett, P. H. P.	Claude Murray
John Innis	H. G. Smallbones, P. G. H. P.
B. H. Stephens, P. H. P.	C. B. Newcombe

VISITORS



H. S. Averitt, H. P., Phoenix No. 2, Fayetteville, N. C.
A. H. Adams, Chorazin No. 13, Greensboro, N. C.
W. E. Mann, Horry No. 48, Conway, S. C.
G. L. Richardson, Horry No. 48, Conway, S. C.
C. C. Pinckney, Columbia No. 5, Columbia, S. C.
E. L. White, Ionic No. 46, Berkley, Va.
A. D. McClure, D. D., LaFayette, Oxford, Miss.
Geo. P. Fay, Amity No. 293, Athens, Pa.
C. L. Pridgen, Caswell No. 38, Kinston, N. C.
C. P. Vineberg, Choes No 168, Choes, N. Y.

It was our pleasure to be honored with representatives of the General Grand High Priest of the U. S. A., and the Grand High Priest of North Carolina.

Hon. Henry Banks, P. G. M. Georgia, Grand Master 3rd Veil of the General Grand Chapter; Dr. J. F. Rhem, Newbern, N. C., Grand Scribe; and W. C. Wicker, Elon College, N. C., Grand Lecturer, of the Grand Chapter of North Carolina, were introduced and received with appropriate grand honors. After these distinguished Companions delivered the greetings from their respective Grand Bodies, a telegram was received from the Most Excellent General Grand High Priest, Bernard G. Witt, expressing his regrets at not having been able to be present, and congratulating this Chapter upon its one hundred years of usefulness.

It having been arranged to exalt a team for the benefit of the visitors, a team consisting of M. E. Masters B. T. Hopkins of this Chapter; U. F. Wallace of Phoenix Chapter No. 2 of Fayetteville, N. C., with Companion C. C. Pickney, of Columbia Chapter No. 5, of Columbia, S. C., substitute, was prepared and exalted to the august degree of Royal Arch Mason, Scribe E. L. Fonvielle acting as Principal Sojourner.

The Chapter was called from Labor to Refreshment and Companions conducted to the adjoining room, and participated in drinking infant punch in the way it was drunk one hundred years ago. They drank to the toast of three times three to the honor and memory of the Most Excellent General

Grand High Priest and General Grand Chapter of U. S. of America; to the honor and memory of the Most Excellent Grand High Priest and Grand Chapter of North Carolina, and the love and affection of our distinguished guests.

Labor was resumed. Past Grand Master, Comp. W. B. McKoy, made a most excellent report of his findings and history of Concord Chapter as follows:

Companion Captain of the Host:

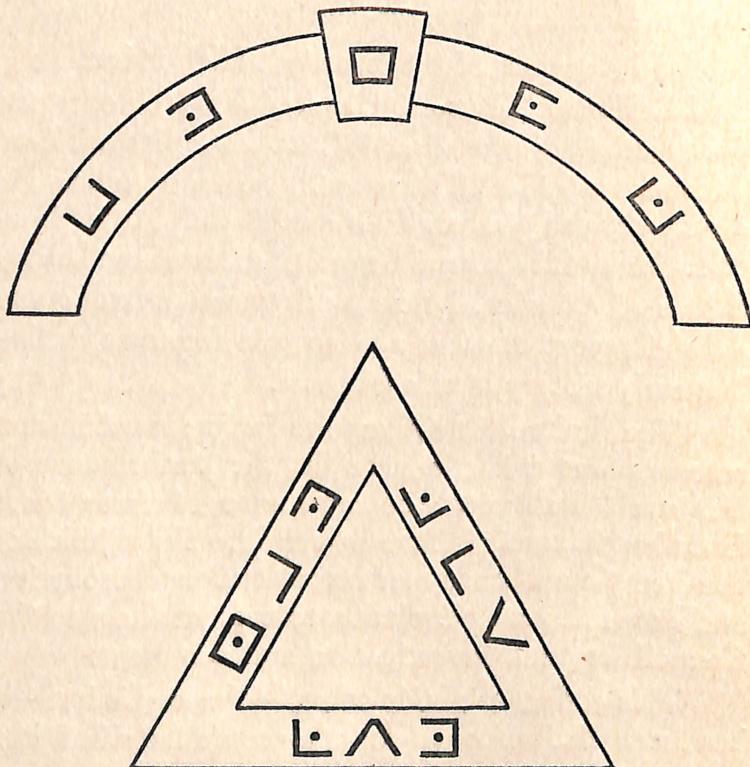
By direction of the Excellent High Priest, King and Scribe of Concord Chapter No. 1, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of North Carolina, working under the acknowledged General Grand Royal Arch Constitution of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, I have undertaken to make you a brief report of what can now be found regarding the early history of this Chapter.

The limited time given me for preparation and research was not adequate for the performance of this task, but with the assistance of three Most Excellent Masters I have delved into the rubbish of the Temple and have made most curious discoveries, and now ask your permission to present them to the Council for their investigation and comment.

This coffer, or pix, is empty—the key is lost—it has been broken open and its contents rifled like some ancient sarcophagus despoiled by ruthless hands; but here lies the remains of a most curious inscription, or cypher, on the copper plates attached

to the box, which may lead the learned to a true interpretation if they can read it aright.

Upon two sides of this triangle I have been enabled to fit the cyphers so that familiar terms used by us to-day may be recognized, yet the methods which I adopted will not give me the third side, as I expected to find it. Upon the other plate, representing an arch with a keystone, as the cyphers have been adopted, the word resulting greatly surprised me.



NOTE—Mackey in his history of Freemasonry, Vol. VII., p. 1783, gives us the derivation of the word Cherub, from the Chaldee, which signifies "as a child," from the adverb ki, as, and rabia, a young man, a child.

The ruthless hands of time have left us but meagre and defective proofs of our early history, and we must permit those who would interpret the curious relics of ancient and forgotten lore to contend over what the true interpretation of these marks mean, with their present conceptions as a guide, for we have no longer a prince of the house of Judah to read them for us, and even the passage of the Euphrates was disputed by the Assyrians notwithstanding the edict of Cyrus, so we, who would now have the temerity to interpret and uphold ancient and obscure passages of Masonic learning against the cold and soulless criticism of the present day, must expect opposition, for the life, spirit, sentiment and meaning are gone by a strange metamorphosis of words.

A Cousin may restore by the laws of science, from the jawbone of an extinct animal, the entire anatomical form of the creature. A geologist like Miller can read from the very rocks the past history of the globe, and it will be accepted till better proof can be found, and our Lord said that children of Abraham could be raised up from the very stones at his feet, but human reason with regard to the past is often a babel.

I come before you with the humility of a *child* towards the learned interpreters of our day and confine myself to the presentation of bare facts as I have found them, so that others may place their fingers into the very wounds made by the nails before they will believe. Thus limited and restrained, I thought best to bring before you what has been found and

ask your careful interpretation and judgment as to the value and meaning of these ancient relics of the past.

Permit me here to call your attention to some of the quaint Masonic expressions used by Masons, which are loved and revered, so that no pedagogue would dare to restore the original: "So mote it be," i. e. "*Si m'ait Dex*" the most ancient response or affirmation to an oath in England, traced to the days of Charlemagne, and used in English now in the Litany of the Episcopal Church.

Again, will not the Masonic student discover in the oath of abjuration of Edward the first, familiar terms "*visi fluxum et refluxum maris unum si transitus haberi poterit, et visi tanto spatio abire potero, ibo quolibet die in mare usq ad genua tentane transire, et visi hoc potero infra 40 dies continues mittum me iterum in ecclesium sicut latero et fel. Dom. Regis, sic me Deus adjacent, secundum judicium.*"

But I must return to the matter before us lest I should wander too far away. We have here an engraved copper plate with the certificate or diploma issued by Concord Chapter No. 6, mentioned more particularly later on in this paper, also a photograph of a certificate of an earlier date which I have here transcribed:

I . . . TN . . . O.T G A OT U

*To all the Enlightened, Entered, Passed, Raised
and Exalted, under the Canopy of Heaven:
We, the Most Excellent Grand Officers
of the Grand and Royal Chapter of
Jerusalem, commonly called the Royal
Arch Chapter of Concord, in due form as-*

L. S. sembled at Free Masons Hall, Wilmington, North Carolina, where reign Silence, Union and Peace, this 24th day of January A. L. 5802 send Greeting:

Know ye that We do hereby certify and declare That our beloved brother Thomas Cowan hath been received and admitted into Our Sacred Mysteries after passing through all these proofs which are required from those who desire admittance among brethren of this Sublime Order; and we hereby give and grant to him all those Benefits, Dignities, Ensigns and Prerogatives, Succours and Protections from time immemorial belonging and of right appertaining to those entitled to this Most Excellent Degree. Not doubting but that he will be permitted to keep and enjoy the same with and All our Dear and Excellent Companions wheresoever dispersed over the two Hemispheres. We having the like consideration and respect for all the Companions of Our Sublime Order.

Given under Our Hands and the Great Seal of our Grand and Royal Chapter the day and year above written. And the better to identify Our said Brother and Companion he hath by our direction hereunto subscribed his proper Name.

ANTHONY B. TOOMER, Z.

JOHN MARTIN, H.

*T
H

B. JACOBS, J.

THOMAS COWAN,
Comp. ROB. HARLEY, Scribe,
J. HARTMAN, Grand Treas.

*NOTE—The letter T resting upon the traverse bar of the letter H, according to Mackey, represents the Triple Tau. He gives several interpretations, among them the union of Father and son. H signifies Jehovah, and T the cross—the son.

The above certificate was discovered and photograph secured by Companion A. B. Andrews, now the Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

The first recorded mention of this Chapter I have copied from the Minute Book of St. John's Lodge No. 1, when at an Emergent meeting held in the Lodge Room at Wilmington North Carolina on March 2nd, 1796, (5796), the following resolution was passed:

(*Extracts from Minutes of St. John's Lodge No. 1.*)

"Lodge of Emergency held at the Lodge Room 2nd March, 5796."

John Brown, W. M.

"On motion of Brother Toomer—whether the Royal Arch Chapter should be held at this Lodge room, it was agreed on, that they paying one-fourth part of the rent of the Lodge room, to continue as long as the Blue Lodge holds possession of the same, and not to interfere with the meetings of our Blue Lodge."

The Lodge then closed in ample form, until Lodge of course, except in cases of Emergency.

THOMAS FITSGERALD, *Secretary.*

In the Minute Book of St. Tammany Lodge No. 30, we find the first written minute of this Chapter:

"Royal Arch Chapter held at Brother Blakeley's the 5th February, 1797.

Present: M. W. JOHN BLAKELY, G. M. Z.
JNO. BRADLEY, G. M. H.
SAML. VANCE, G. M. J.

Companions: Jno. Williams, 1; David Anderson, 2;
Peter Maxwell, 1; John Lord, 2; George Duncan,
3; Charles Jordan, 4.

The Chapter being congregated with due reverence to the Most Holy, Companions George Davis, James W. Walker, and Thomas Hill having first passed the chair were exalted to the Super Excellent Degree of Royal Arch Mason; after which Brothers Thomas Callender, Saml. J. Thurston and Nathaniel M. Hill were also passed and exalted to the same degree.

The Chapter was then closed, etc., etc.
Fees same as for Fellow Craft and Master's Degrees.

In the minutes of St. Tammany Lodge No. 30 of this town preceding the above record, we note that the Lodge held a meeting on the 27th December 1797, when the above named Companions were recorded as having been made Past Masters. It is worthy to note here the titles of the officers of Chapter which, though not the same as at present, are readily recognized.

By reference to the fourth meeting of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, held June 6th, 1816, (5816), in the city of New York, being a Special in consequence of a lapse in 1812 by reason of the war, with Thomas Smith Webb, Grand King, presiding, we find recorded:

"The committee to whom was referred the granting of Charters for opening Royal Arch Chapters by the General Grand King and General Grand Scribe, made the following report:

To the General Grand Chapter:

The General Grand King was granted Warrants or Charters for the following Chapters, to-wit:

St. Andrew's Chapter, Hanover, N. H., 27th, January, 5807.
Trinity Chapter, Hopkinton, N. H., 16th February, 5807.
Phoenix Chapter, Fayetteville, N. C., 1st September, 5815.
Washington Chapter, Portsmouth, N. H., November, 5815.
Union Chapter, Louisville, Georgia, 16th December, 5815.
Cheshire Chapter, Keene, N. H., 4th May, 5815.
Concord Chapter, Wilmington, N. C., 5815.

And the General Grand Scribe has granted Warrants or Charters for the following Chapters, to-wit:

Washington Chapter, Newark, N. J., 26th May, 5813.
Washington Chapter, Chillicothe, Ohio, September 20th, 5815.
Cincinnati Mark Lodge No. 1, Hanover, N. J., April, 5811.
Union Mark Lodge No. 2, Orange, N. J., July, 5812.

And your committee is of the opinion that the above Warrants or Charters have been issued agreeably to the constitution of the General Grand

Chapter and ought to be confirmed by the same. All of which is respectfully submitted by

Henry Fowle,
Joseph Enos,
Jonathan Nye.

Which being read and voted to accept the same, and that said Warrants or Charters be and they are hereby confirmed accordingly."

We observe that among the first seven Chapters which were chartered by Thomas Smith Webb, that Concord Chapter, in the order of date, would be No. 6; also taking together with them those chartered by the General Grand Scribe, in the order of date of the warrants issued, that Concord Chapter would still be No. 6.

The early records of Concord Chapter shows that it was numbered sixth.

A copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of Concord Chapter No. 6, Wilmington, North Carolina, printed by William Hollinshed, for Thomas Loring in 1818, is herewith filed.

It yet remains to be definitely settled whether the General Grand Chapter gave us this number, or our brethren assumed it because it was the sixth Chapter to receive its charter from that body.

Our earliest record book now in existence begins at the regular meeting of Concord Chapter No. 6, held in the town of Wilmington, No. Ca., at room of

St. John's Lodge No. 1, January 3rd, 1815, (5815),
at which meeting the following were recorded present:

Jacob Hartman, P. H. P.
William Watts Jones, H. P.
Junius C. Dunbibbin, K.
Hanson Kelly, Sectry.
James Telfair, C. H.
Robert Rankin, P. S.
A. L. Gormez, 1st M. of the V. pt
John McKay, 2nd M. of the V. pt.
Samuel Potter, 3rd M. of the V. pt.
Murdock McKay, Treasr.
Henry Taylor, Centinel.
Robert Cochran.

Companions absent:

Thomas Cowan,	David Miller,
John Hall,	Thomas N. Gautier,
Simeon Baldwin,	Samuel Potter.

JOHN COWAN, *Secretary.*

The Chapter was opened in the Royal Arch Mason's Degree for the dispatch of business during the evening.

Owing to the absence of Companion Cochran, on St. John's Day last, his installation as High Priest of this Chapter for the present year was unavoidably postponed until this evening.

The By-Laws of this Chapter was read by Companion Wm. Watts Jones.

At a meeting held on Saturday, 4th March, 1815, a Mark Master's Lodge was opened (St. Tammany)

Robert Cochran, W. M.
James C. Dunbibbin, S. W.
John Hall, J. W.
David Miller, Master Overseer
Simeon Baldwin, Senior Overseer
James Telfair, Junior Overseer
T. N. Gautier, Senior Deacon p. t.
Murdock McKay, Treasurer
Henry Taylor, Centinel.
John McKay, Thomas Adderton,
A. L. Gomez, Nathaniel Davis,
J. Levy, Noah Allen.
G. Holmes,

Companion Cochran handed in a petition of John McMillan, John Kelly, Charles Mallett, and Esek Arnold, and on motion of Companion Levy—as most of the applicants had for this express purpose come from Fayetteville, that this Chapter, for their convenience, shall be called together tomorrow (Sunday) morning to act upon their petitions.

At the meeting of April 4th, 1815, Robert Cochran introduced a letter from Fayetteville, N. C. accompanied by a petition from Companions John Winslow, John MacMillan, John Kelly, Duncan McRae, Charles Chalmers, William Broadfoot, Esek Arnold, John Armstrong, and Charles Mallett, Companions exalted in this Chapter, requesting the Chapter to aid and assist them in obtaining a Charter from the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, for the purpose of forming a

Royal Arch Chapter in the said town of Fayetteville, to be known by the name of Phoenix Chapter. It was unanimously agreed that the officers of this Chapter should do as much for the applicants as possible in furthering their views.

At a meeting held January 3rd 1816, Companions Cochran, W. W. Jones, Jacob Hartman, and Robert Rankin, were chosen to install the officers of Phoenix Chapter of Fayetteville, N. C., agreeable to a charter received from Thomas Smith Webb, Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States.

Why do we find so few evidences of the early transactions of this "Ancient and Honorable Chapter?" It is accounted for by reference to the following which I extract from the minutes of St. John's Lodge No. 1, date Thursday, 26th April 1798:

"On the night between the 21st and 22nd of April, 1798, a fire broke out in a bake-house occupied by Mrs. Ralph, and in a few hours entirely consumed the whole square Northeast of the Court House, and many other buildings."

JOHN BROWN, *Secretary.*

Again, November, 1798:

The Lodge assembled in the Court House (then located at the intersection of Front and Market streets) when it is recorded:

"Owing to the dreadful calamity which befell the town by conflagration on Wednesday 31st of October, by which many members were sufferers and a great part of the Lodge furniture destroyed, the Secretary is instructed to write that they are unable to meet the Grand Lodge dues."

And so the early records of Masonry have come down to us mutilated, and many valuable records and relics of Masonry are missing.

Again in 1866 a great fire in this city destroyed the buildings on the south side of Market street between Front and Second streets, where resided Dr. Thomas B. Carr, and in his house many valuable documents of the Chapter and Council as well as records of the Grand Chapter of this State, were lost.

We have a record of a letter from Companion Robert H. Wilson of Murfreesborough, concerning the formation of a Grand Chpater in North Carolina; this would lead us to think that a Chapter existed in that place earlier than Mt. Ararat Chapter, which was formed in 1851, and a letter from Phoenix Chapter urging the advantage of forming a Grand Chapter in the State. The outcome of this brought about the calling of a convention at Fayetteville, N. C. on the 21st of June 1822, when the following Chapters

assembled and organized a Grand Chapter, and they numbered the Chapters in order of the date of their organization.

Concord No. 6 became No. 1 under the Grand Chapter of North Carolina, Phoenix Chapter became No. 2; Mt. Ararat Chapter, which had obtained its charter from Virginia, became No. 3; and Roanoke Chapter of Halifax, whose Charter was also obtained from Virginia, became No. 4, and Concord of Tarborough became No. 5; Kilwining Chapter of Wadesborough was now No. 6.

Companions of Concord Chapter No. 1, formerly No. 6, your body was organized sometime before 1796, and it is very probable that it came into existence cotemporaneously with St. Tammany Lodge No. 30, of North Carolina, which was chartered by General William R. Davie, then Grand Master of North Carolina, on the 23rd day of May 1795 with James Walker, Sr., as Worshipful Master.

This was your natal day as a Royal Arch Chapter under the English system of the Ancient Masons. The relics bear the ear-marks of your early origin; the terms, the language, titles of officers, documents, all proclaim this body to be one of the English Chapters, chartered by the Ancients, who practiced what we know as the Dermot lectures.

Rev. Mr. Oliver informs us that they taught many things not now known in Masonry, and that an Ancient could not reveal to the Modern Mason what they taught. It is most likely that the Order of Ancient English Masons could not become universal,

and when Masonry was spread over the world the change was inevitable.

We observe that the officers were chosen in a Past Master's Lodge; petitions for membership in the Past Master's Lodge of St. Tammany. A like custom prevailed in the early Blue Lodges in North Carolina, to transact all business in the Entered Apprentice Lodge.

Let us make reference here to Grand Master Davie, for whom the Council now called Munson Council, was originally named. General Davie was born in Egremont, near White Haven, England, June 20th, 1756; was brought to America when quite young, and lived with his uncle, Rev. William Richardson, on the Catauba River in South Carolina. He was sent to Princeton College, but left there to join the American Army as a volunteer in 1776, and was engaged in the battles with the Northern army. He later returned to college and graduated, then moved to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he read law. Here he was commissioned by Caswell in 1779 as Lieutenant of a troop of horse, and he attained the rank of Major, Colonel, Commissary General of the Southern Army, and finally made a Brigadier General in the regular army of the United States. In 1799 he was one of the three ministers at Hague, and Ambassador to France. As Grand Master of North Carolina he laid the corner-stone of the first building erected at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

Your charter from the General Grand Chapter begins from the date May 4, 1815, (5815) which was

the date of your baptism, so to speak, and was your regeneration under the American system, which left many things formally observed by the Ancients to the Knights Templar, as remodeled by Webb.

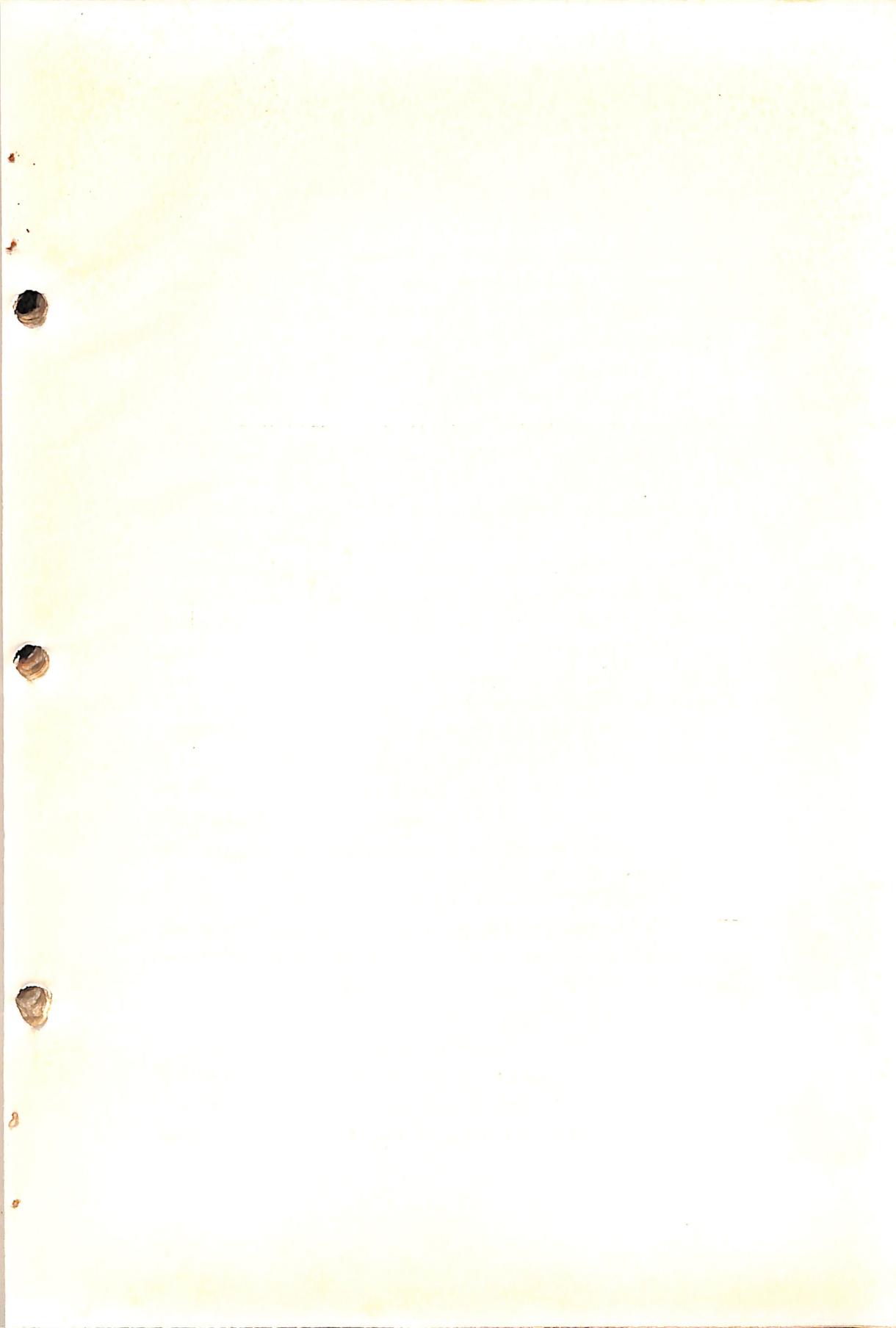
Companion Alfred F. Chapman, P. G. G. H. P. of the General Grand Chapter, in his article on the Capitular Degrees in the History of Freemasonry and Concordant Orders, fixes the date of your charter June 7th, 1816, regarding the former date as a Dispensation by Companion Thomas Smith Webb, it being the date when the action of granting the charter was confirmed by the General Grand Body by reason of the lapse. But in the History of Freemasonry by Albert G. Mackey, p 1530, he cites the Compendium of the General Grand Chapter, page 46, for the true date (May 4th, 1815) of your charter, thus filling the blank in the published Proceedings of the General Grand Chapter.

I will now cite for you incidents culled from the records of your Chapter:

We find a record of a fine of two dollars each imposed upon the Secretary and the Treasurer for failure to make returns to the General Grand Chapter.

The building on Orange Street was jointly owned by the Chapter and St. John's Lodge No. 1. The angle stone of this building was laid June 12th, 1804 in an assembly of eighty Masons.

In the minutes of St. John's Lodge January 27th, 1803, we find that brother Carpenter signed a deed of gift and bargain and sale to A. B. Toomer, M. E. G. M. of Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Jeru-





MASONIC LODGE BUILDING—DEDICATED IN 1805

salem, commonly called the Royal Arch Chapter of Concord, of Wilmington, N. C., and Gilbert Greer, W. M. of St. John's Lodge No. 1, dated Jan. 25th, 1803, for a lot or piece of ground to build a Lodge room. This was the lot on Orange Street. Brother Jacobs was to erect the building for them.

The first meeting was held in this building on St. John's Day June 27th 1805, when they installed the officers of the Lodge and Chapter; from thence they adjourned to the old St. James Church at the corner of Fourth and Market streets, where an address was delivered to the Masons by Rev. Dr. Solomon Halling, and music was furnished by the Harmonic Society of the town. We have the printer's receipt for three hundred copies of this address, but have been unable to find a copy. Dr. Halling had some time before laid the angle stone of this building. We have here a picture of this old building, which is still standing; it was sold when the Lodge and Chapter built a larger hall, now called St. John's Hall, on Market street, which is also still standing and is now the property of St. John's Lodge, they having purchased the interest of the Chapter after our new Masonic Temple was built. The walls of the old building on Orange street are still decorated with Masonic Blue Lodge and Chapter emblems, which have frequently attracted attention when the papering was removed from the walls for repairs of the rooms.

Among the early distinguished members of this Chapter we find William Campbell, formerly of Boston, book-seller; Edward Jones, brother of John

Todd Jones, the distinguished Irish patriot; Charles Pelham, son of Peter Pelham, Grand Secretary of the Colonial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1739. Charles married Miriam, sister of the famous Sir William Pepperill, in 1789; he moved to Wilmington in his later years, where he was engaged in business, and died here Dec. 13th, 1809. He was made a Mason in Massachusetts in 1744. At a joint meeting of Concord Chapter with the brethren in Fayetteville, N. C., he selected his mark, "A pelican," which was recorded. Another mark which we find recorded was that of Companion Daniel Sherwood, recorded Oct. 24th 1822—"A fox and two hounds in full chase on the front, and on the reverse two locked hands in the center inclosed by the words, Daniel Sherwood, Wilmington, No. Carolina, Concord Chapter No. 6."

Another prominent member of this Chapter was John Blakely, of Seaford, County Down, Ireland, whose body now lies beneath a stone in old St. James Graveyard, by the side of his wife. He was the father of Johnson Blakely of the United States Navy, Commander of the Sloop of War Wasp, who captured the British ship of War, the "Reindeer," in the war of 1812.

John G. Whittier, uncle of the poet who bears the same name, was also a merchant here in early days and died in Wilmington. He was a genial and most companionable brother and very popular here in his day, and was a slave holder.

Companion James Cushman, of Franklin Chapter No. 4, of Norwich, Connecticut, a Grand Lecturer,



JACOB HARTMAN.
HIGH PRIEST CONCORD CHAPTER. R. A. M., 1815

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visited us on January 16th, 1822 and instructed a committee from this Chapter consisting of Robert Rankin, J. F. McRae, Alexander McRae, Nathan Byrd, David Miller and Eli Larkins, and while here delivered lectures on Masonry, both in the Blue Lodge and Chapter. The Chapter voted to place into his hands their proxy, to represent them at the meeting of the next General Grand Chapter.

We note among the visitors in this Chapter, Companions A. Guthrie Perry and James Dickson.

In the minutes we have reference to a correspondence with Companion John Abbott, Gen. Gr. Secretary of the Gen. Gr. Chapter, Companion DeWitt Clinton, Gr. High Priest of the General Grand Chapter, and among the visitors we note Theophilus Richards, Union Chapter New York; Joseph Washburn, King Hiram Ch. of Greenwich, Mass., Robert Strange, H. P., of Phoenix Chapter, Fayetteville, N. C., exalted in this Chapter, and afterwards Gr. High Priest of the Grand Chapter of North Carolina; Companion McLeland, Union Arch, Ch. Petersburg, Va., No. 9; James Ogden, Solomon Ch. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; John Nichols, Ancient No. 1, New York; Peter Darling, Ancient No. 1 of New York; Robert S. Wood, Columbia Ch. of Philadelphia Pa.; Wm. R. Sillery, Hiram Ch. No. 1, New Haven, Conn.; J. Love Dale, Washington Ch. New York.

A letter from E. G. Perkins, of Philadelphia, Pa., dated Dec. 25th, 1818, in answer to a letter addressed to his father asking him to make a copper plate and engraving for the purpose of striking off diplomas for Concord Chapter No. 6, dimensions to be 10 by 14,

diplomas 8 by 10, to cost \$140.00 to be executed in the best style.

In December 1819, Companions Arch Taylor, Hawks and Constant Hough, of Union Chapter No. 3, Charleston, S. C., visitors, requested permission to forward to Wm. Young, High Priest of their Chapter, one of these Royal Arch Certificates for his inspection.

I also call your attention to a few documents which may be worthy of preservation; copies of the Constitution and By-Laws of Concord Chapter printed in 1818, and 1845. The printed address delivered by Albert Case, D. G. H. P. of the Grand Chapter of South Carolina, delivered before St. John's Lodge No. 1 and Concord Chapter No. 1 on December 27th 1843, when he installed the officers of this Chapter. An address delivered before this Chapter and St. John's Lodge by Thos. Loring, P. D. G. M. of North Carolina, December 27, 1848. A copy of the Southern and Western Masonic Miscellany, date January 1851, published by Albert G. Mackey M. D. in Charleston S. C., containing an address delivered by him in Wilmington, before St. John's and this Chapter December 27th, 1850, and I copy from this paper the following in the editor's table:

St. John's Day, Wilmington—the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, was celebrated with great spirit in the town of Wilmington, N. C., by the members of Concord Chapter No. 1, and St. John's Lodge No. 1. At 9 o'clock in the morning

the members of the Lodge assembled at the Lodge room and commenced the ceremonies of the day by installation of the following officers:

A. Martin, W. M.; E. J. Lutterloh, S. W.; H. P. Russell, J. W.; D. Teller, T.; J. B. Russell, S.; R. Morris, S. D.; T. C. Worth, J. D.; John A. Taylor and Thomas A. Taylor and Thomas Howey, St.; R. G. Rankin M. of C. John Banks, Tyler.

The Lodge was then joined by the Chapter when both bodies proceeded from the Masonic Hall to the front of the Carolina Hotel, where the Grand High Priest, Orator of the day, and High Priest, King and Scribe were received. The fraternity then marched to the Methodist Episcopal Church where, after a truly Masonic prayer had been offered by Brother R. T. Hefflin, an appropriate Masonic ode had been sung, an address on the "Symbolic meaning of the degrees" was delivered by Bro. Albert G. Mackey. This address at the request of the Lodge has been published in the present number of the *Miscellany*.

The Masonic bodies then returned to the Lodge room, where after the transaction of the usual business the Lodge was closed.

In the afternoon a Lodge of Most Excellent Masters was opened, and that beautiful degree was conferred in an admirable manner. In the evening there was a public installation of the following officers of Concord Chapter:

R. G. Rankin, H. P.; Stephen D. Wallace, K.; Benj. G. Bates, S.; Edward J.

Lutterloh, C. H.; Robert Strange, Jun.
P. S.; Henry P. Russell, R. A. C.; Richard
Morris, M. 3rd V.; Wm. J. Price, M. of
2nd V.; David Teller, M. of 1st V.; Michael
Cronley, Sec.; John A. Taylor, Treas.; Rev.
A. P. Repiton, Chaplain; H. W. Foy, Tyler.

The ceremonies on this occasion were deeply interesting, and were rendered still more so by the attendance of a large company of ladies, who graced the occasion and honored the Craft with their attendance.

Of the town of Wilmington itself our brief stay of two days gave us no opportunity to judge; of the zeal, intelligence and hospitality of its Craftsmen, we had, however, abundant testimony. The Lodge and Chapter are both in a most prosperous condition—large in numbers, owning a valuable and commodious Hall, and consisting of members all of whom being themselves “under the tongue of good report,” are actuated by the determination to admit none others into the sanctuary but those who can bring the same recommendation. A Lodge thus constituted must necessarily be prosperous. We are pleased to learn that it was expected that an Encampment of Knights Templar would be established in a few weeks, the application for a warrant of Constitution having already been made.” etc., etc.

Such was a visitor’s view of your brethren in those days. In the semi-Centennial celebration of the Grand Chapter of North Carolina in 1898, Companion Eugene S. Martin, P. D. G. H. P. and a member of this Chapter, prepared and read before

that body an elaborate review of Capitular Masonry of this State; and after I had gone through your records with care I discovered that he had carefully and well plowed this field of Masonic research, and I recommend that you also file this valuable report with your archives.

Companion William H. Halsey's letter to St. John's Lodge, No. 1, dated Nov. 15th, 1817, concerning the joint ownership of the Masonic building, shows the prosperous condition of the Chapter, as they were then contemplating building a hall exclusively for their own use.

A letter from Companion Edward Jones to the Master of St. Tammany, dated December 20th, 1808, from Chatham county addressed to Brother Thomas Callender.

A letter from the Chapter, Dec. 14th, 1820, to the Lodge with regard to St. John's Day celebration.

A receipt from employe at Buford's Hotel for Masonic property, presumably saved from the fire of 1798, is quaint and amusing, (but almost as difficult to read as the cypher above noted) it mentions the chest with sundray juels unwon to me 6 Brass candle sticks, 1 plated ditto, 1 pitcher, 3 Decanters 16 tumblers of Different sizes, 10 knives & 6 folks, Secatry Quills, mallet, hamer, ---key, letters and pictures.

A bill presented by Lawrence Ashe Dorsey to Edward Jones, dated May, 1794, for entertaining the Grand Master, is of interest as it shows the custom of that day.

You to-night at refreshment with proper decorum, drank the toasts in "infant punch" as Grand Master Davie is recorded to have done when he joined with the brethren one hundred years ago, when he drank with them three times three. This custom is mentioned by Steinbrenner in his "Early History of Masonry," as practiced by the Ancient German Steinmetzens in three cadences.

Among the distinguished members of this Chapter were:

Companion Alfred Martin, born Jan. 4th, 1812, died Sept. 1st, 1897; G. H. P. in 1847, 1848, 1866, 1867, and G. M. of No. Ca.

Phineas W. Fanning, born Nov. 10th, 1799, died Aug. 10, 1880; G. H. P. 1849, 1850, and G. M. of No. Ca.

Robert Strange, G. H. P. 1825.

Nathan Byrd, Gr. Scribe, 1824.

John A. Lillington, Gr. Scribe 1825.

Rev. Adam Empie, Gr. Chaplain 1825.

Esek Arnold, D. G. H. P. 1825.

Robert C. Rankin, G. H. P. 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854; died March 26th, 1865.

Horace H. Munson, born March 1st, 1827, G. H. P. 1873, 1874, G. M. of No. Ca.

C. M. VanOrsdell, born Aug. 2nd, 1832, died May 23rd, 1883, G. H. P. 1879, 1880.

Morris M. Katz, born 1831, died July 1st, 1894, G. H. P. 1889.

Walter E. Storm, G. H. P. 1895.

Martin S. Willard, G. H. P.

H. G. Smallbones, G. H. P.

Jas. C. Munds, G. K. & G. Sec.

E. S. Martin, G. K. and D. G. H. P.

A full record of the members of this Chapter would be a most interesting list of Companions and

Brethren, many of whom have been eminent in other branches of Masonry. I have only noted those whose names came before me as I reviewed the records.

Companions:—My object has been to gather and preserve what remains of your archives, and this is but a brief review of what we have preserved; tradition has handed down to us the legend that Enoch constructed a subterranean vault to secure historic records which he hoped to preserve to posterity; that our Most Excellent Grand Master, Solomon, King of Israel, also built secret vaults to preserve the sacred treasures and that the brazen pillars in front of the Temple were cast hollow to serve as depositories for the archives of Masonry against conflagrations and inundations. If these traditions mean anything, they intimate to the Craft that they should in their temples and lodge buildings have such depositories. We have had repeated warnings, and have time and again experienced loss by neglect to take the warning. And this would be a proper occasion—on our centennial anniversary—to initiate a movement among the several Masonic bodies who own this Temple, to build a safe vault as a depository for our valuable records and archives.

I have not attempted in this paper to deliver before you an elaborate address, nor to eulogize Masonry.

“There’s a language that’s mute, there’s a silence that speaks;
There is something that cannot be told;
There are words that can only be read on the cheeks,
And thoughts---but the eye can unfold.”

These silent memorials of the past speak more eloquently than the utterances of a fluent tongue, the grace and beauty of a cultivated voice, or the rhetorical elegance found in well-rounded phrases. They have historic value for those who would seek after the truth, record the glorious work of a broad charity without blazonry, show the fruit of tolerance and forbearance of our Order—demonstrate to us the advantage of perpetuating this great school of moral philosophy in a world of everchanging views, dreams and visions. These landmarks yet entrusted to your keeping should be preserved with reverence and respect; they are not only records of Concord Chapter, the Grand Chapter of your State, but they make mention of distinguished Companions throughout this country. Historic records are constantly disappearing, races and empires continue to increase, decay and die; one civilization successively supplants another—to-morrow others will fill your stations, and historic truths are concealed or veiled from those who follow till future ages again discover them, and from the most minute circumstances men realize and are called upon to declare the truths of the past, for they cannot change it as it is the divine purpose. All Royal Arch Masons have in these records a common property interest.

Brethren, we have on this occasion with us a distinguished Mason to confirm and uphold before us the principles of our ancient and universal brotherhood, encourage you to uphold the ancient standards of truth, guide men to conform to those things which have proved just and right in former ages, for these

truths like the laws of mathematics have always been the same, and when we have the intelligence to eliminate the vain imaginings of men and to guard against local prejudices and narrow views, or the presumptions of those who think an advanced civilization can change these laws, we realize that truth is of divine origin and will ever be the same.

Our Companion, this evening our guest, has traveled in foreign countries, earned the wages of a Master, has been advanced through all the offices of the Order—has been honored with rank of Grand Master of the State of Georgia, Grand High Priest, and now is one of the officers of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America. It will be a proud privilege in aftertime as we turn over the records of this Ancient and Honorable Chapter to find that Companion Henry Banks was with us on this occasion. We proclaim him as one whom his brethren and Companions still delight to honor.

“We accept and receive (him) Most Excellent Master,
Invested with honors, and power to preside;
Among worthy Craftsmen, wherever assembled, (and)
The knowledge of Masons to spread far and wide.”

And let us ever remember to whom we refer in gratitude and reverence, when we say:

“Thy wisdom inspired the great Institution,
Thy strength shall support it, till nature expire;
And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
Its beauty shall rise, through the midst of the fire!”

The Chapter was closed in due and ancient form at 8:30 P. M.

CONCLUDING CEREMONY



When the Chapter and their friends, members of the other Masonic bodies, were assembled in the lodge room of the Scottish Rite, which had been appropriately decorated for the festive occasion, Dr. John Thames, High Priest of Concord Chapter No. 1, Acting Toastmaster, stated to the Companions and brethren that this was, and rightly should be, a happy occasion. That happiness was a duty as well as a pleasure, and every Mason present while enjoying the pleasure, should feel it his duty to be happy and endeavor to make those about him happy.

The Toastmaster took this opportunity to thank The Scottish Rite bodies, in behalf of Concord Chapter for their generous hospitality, in extending the use of their lodge room for our entertainment. He also thanked the Scottish Rite bodies for the magnificent reception given Concord Chapter the week before in honor of their Centennial. The courtesies offered, Brotherly love shown, and the hospitality given on this occasion, shows the true Masonic spirit existing among the brethren. He then called upon Companion A. D. McClure, D. D., who invoked the blessings of the Most High upon the assembly





MASONIC TEMPLE

INVOCATION



Almighty God, Supreme Architect of the Universe, Whom we worship and adore as the Only Living and True God, we seek to worship Thee within these walls where we meet in mystic bonds. We would thank Thee for Thy goodness and mercy ministered to us and using us to minister to the needs of others. We thank Thee for this anniversary occasion and its memories of a sacred past. We look to Thee for a continuance of that care and blessing in the future. We pray for Thy special blessing on these good daughters of Thine whose ministry makes our feast for the body fine and our social fellowship refined and pure. We commend to Thee our brethren with us here, and all the members of our Craft wherever dwelling this night. Make us such men that our Craft may have honor and the world be made better by our lives and labors. Increase our devotion to the highest ideals of life for this world and preparation for the life eternal. Make our counsels and conclusions, our memories and plans, work for our own good and the welfare of our fellow men. And when our labors are over in these earthly courts, gather us to Thyself in the Temple not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens, through the merit and mediation of Him Who is Immanuel, Prince of Peace, Thy Son, our Saviour and our LORD, JESUS CHRIST. Amen

THE COMPANIONS AND GUESTS BEING SEATED,
PARTICIPATED IN THE FOLLOWING

❧ MENU ❧

OLIVES	PICKLES
	BROILED SQUAB CHICKEN
	NORTH CAROLINA HAM
GREEN PEAS	CREAMED POTATOES
	SHRIMP SALAD
	HOT ROLLS
ICE CREAM	SALLY WHITE CAKE
CIGARS	CIGARETTES



AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE BANQUET MOST EXCELLENT HIGH PRIEST
JOHN THAMES, ACTING AS TOASTMASTER, ANNOUNCED THE PRO-
GRAMME AND CALLED UPON COMPANION A. D. MCCLURE, WHO MADE
THE WELCOME ADDRESS.



❧ PROGRAMME ❧

TOASTMASTER

DR. JOHN THAMES, P.H.P.
HIGH PRIEST CONCORD CHAPTER No. 1

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

REV. A. D. MCCLURE

RESPONSE

H. S. AVERITT
HIGH PRIEST PHOENIX CHAPTER No. 2
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

PROGRESS IN MASONRY HENRY A. GRADY, P.H.P.
CLINTON CHAPTER No. 40

AN ARCH WITHOUT A KEYSTONE W. C. WICKER, P.H.P.
GRAND LECTURER, GRAND CHAPTER, N. C.

THE BIBLE AND FREEMASONRY HENRY BANKS, P.G.H.P.
CAPTAIN OF THE HOST, GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER, U. S. A.

MUSIC ORCHESTRA

FRIDAY, JUNE EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN FIFTEEN

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

REV. A. D. McCLURE, D. D.



Companions, Brethren, Friends:

In rising to speak a word of welcome to this Centennial Celebration of the origin of Concord Chapter No. 1, Royal Arch Masons, I wish first of all to express my gratitude to the Committee of Arrangements for conferring upon me this honor. My hesitation to accept arose not from any lack of devotion to our Ancient and Honorable Order, or for any want of material to use. But the need to be brief when there are others to speak, and the desire to be appropriate in my selection of material, has already convinced me that I should speak only words of welcome and leave other remarks to the speakers that follow. I am moved to express my personal pleasure and the thanks of this Chapter for the double courtesy shown to us of the York Rite by the bodies of the Scottish Rite, in the rather unusual and unexpected compliment of a reception to our Chapter before this date, and the use of their Banquet Hall on this, our Anniversary, combining with these courtesies the personal attention to our every want. This service would not be complete without the gracious ministry of the good women who are spreading and serving our Banquet and making our occasion a complete success. As true and tried Masons we will here publicly declare that our Chapter stands with the Blue Lodge for Chivalry and the protection of women, and for all that true manhood should do in her honor. Our women may wear the

badge of our Chapter and appeal by it for safety and welfare anywhere and everywhere.

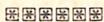
In giving our hearty welcome to every one present we thank our musicians for the cheer they give us. Our regret is that some who desire to be with us to-night cannot have this dream realized by them and enjoyed by us. Our welcome is to their wish, and our thanks are to those who, being absent, have sent messages of congratulations and good wishes.

In late days I have found a source of interest and information in a magazine being published by The National Masonic Research Society, at Animosa Iowa. For the annual dues of a small sum this magazine will be sent to any member. We need to remind ourselves that our Craft is not of late origin or of little moment. It has a history rich in thought and deeds which deserve and will richly repay investigation and study. Too many are content with mere ritual and conditions of mere formal membership in our different Masonic Bodies. I raise a call to go deeper into our mysteries and look longer upon symbols and linger thoughtfully at our mystic shrines.

Having said this much, and finding much more worthy of being better said and more deeply pondered I wish now in the behalf of Concord Chapter to express our pleasure in having so many with us at this, our close of a century of fellowship and service. We welcome you one and all and call you to seek and find with us the mystic meaning and the saving value of the words of the Bible, which is our source of true Masonic light, where it is written, "The Stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner."

Brethren, if we will take time to study and use such magazines as I have referred to in "The Builder" we will be better men and better Masons. We are specially pleased to have with us so many who have received the degrees of the Blue Lodge and we stand pledged that as they shew proficiency in the first degrees we will welcome them to the further light in the Chapter and beyond.

We bid you one and all a hearty welcome to this our Centennial celebration.



The Toastmaster, High Priest John Thames, then informed the assembly that the committee had selected only the very best speakers, representative of the several Masonic bodies, and it afforded him great pleasure to mention Companion H. S. Averitt, High Priest of Phoenix Chapter No. 2 of Fayetteville, who would make the Response to Address of Welcome; and to Companion Henry A. Grady, P. H. P., of Clinton Chapter No. 40, who would speak on "Progress in Masonry." The Silver Tongued Orator of the Piedmont Section, Companion W. C. Wicker, P. H. P., and Grand Lecturer of the Grand Chapter, would take as his subject, "An Arch Without a Keystone." The speaker selected for the closing subject was so well known that the Toastmaster stated he needed no introduction, and would only say it would be our great pleasure to listen to our esteemed friend, Henry Banks, P. G. M. of Georgia, and now Grand Master of Third Veil of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, who had selected as his theme, "The Bible and Freemasonry."

RESPONSE TO “ADDRESS OF WELCOME”

H. S. AVERITT

High Priest Phoenix Chapter No. 2



Mr. Toastmaster, Companions and Brethren:

My duty on this occasion is a very pleasant one. For me to say that I am glad to be here is to express my sentiments but lightly. As it is incumbent upon me not only to speak for myself, but also in behalf of all visiting brethren present, I take it that the sentiments of all true Masons are practically the same, and will say in behalf of all that we are indeed proud to be here to-night and take part with you in the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of Concord Chapter.

A little more than thirty days ago it was my privilege to attend the meeting of the Grand Chapter and Grand Commandery in the City of Asheville. At that time I was informed by my fellow countryman, Dr. Thames, the High Priest of Concord Chapter, that on this date you would celebrate the Centennial of your charter, and since that time I have been looking forward to this occasion with great expectations. I say great expectations, because I felt that we should have the privilege of enjoying one of the most pleasant occasions that the hospitality of the Masons and the City of Wilmington could afford. The experiences of this evening have convinced me of the correctness of my anticipations.

I have been a Mason for quite a number of years and during all the time have taken an active part in the work of the Order, and I must not fail to mention the impression that was made upon me by the manner in which the Royal Arch Degree was conferred by your Chapter this evening. I was especially struck with the zeal and enthusiasm which seemed to prevail among the members of Concord Chapter. It was gratifying to see how many of the members were proficient in the work. I have long advocated the importance of having a good team to do the work. Nothing makes a better impression upon a candidate than for all the members who participate in conferring the degrees to be well versed in the ritual and be able to carry out his part. On the other hand, when we fail to give the work correctly we cannot be surprised if it fails to make a good impression.

When I look over this great assemblage of Masons to-night, I am impressed with the thought that we could be a power for good in a community if we would all just take an interest in the teachings of the Order and work in harmony. Nothing is more elevating to the intelligent man than the study and practice of the precepts of our Order. It seems to me to appeal to the aesthetic nature of man and to cause him to look forward to a study of the beautiful in nature. If we could only appreciate the full import of its teachings and apply those teachings to the practice of our lives we could not fail to be better men by having studied them. Let us all try to improve ourselves by having come out here tonight.

Once more I say that we are all proud to be with you on this occasion.

PROGRESS IN MASONRY

HENRY A. GRADY, P. H. P.

Clinton Chapter No. 40



Companion Toastmaster and Brethren:

I am always glad to sit in a Masonic gathering, whether it be a Convocation or a Communication, capitular or symbolic; and when your genial Toastmaster invited me to be present on this occasion I readily consented, knowing, as I do, the well deserved reputation of the Cape Fear brethren for hospitality and fellowship. Nowhere in the State of North Carolina is there a truer spirit of emulation, as understood by Masons, nor a kindlier feeling of fraternity displayed than will be found among the Craft in this particular section. You have within your beautiful City St. John's Lodge No. 1, Concord Chapter No. 1, and Plantagenet Commandery No. 1. In respect to age, at least, you are entitled to primacy among the Craft. Regardless of Masonic antiquity in the East, you may justly claim to be the most ancient in North Carolina; and speaking from my own experience among you, I want to say that you have faithfully preserved the Masonic virtues, as well as the ritual of the Order. I am glad to be with you. I am at home, and as a home lover I want to speak to you, briefly it is true, but with some degree of feeling.

Brethren, we are dwelling in a land of plenty; we have no hardships that are insuperable—no bur-

dens that cannot be bourne. We are at peace with all the world; but it is difficult for me to arise in your midst without being reminded at once of the distressing conditions that prevail in the East. It has for sometime been in my daily thoughts, and I am sure that you too have been appalled by the gigantic conflict that is now going on. You have been shocked by the unprecedeted butcheries that have laid a stigma upon the fair name of Europe—the ruthless militarism that seems to have forgotten the rules of civilized war, and the unconscionable desire for conquest that characterizes the present rulers of that Hemisphere. We have all wanted peace, and we all trust that the day may not be far distant when it can be truthfully said:

“The shouting and the tumult dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart.”

In the few minutes allotted to me it would be impossible to enter upon any formal discussion of this conflict, or to argue with any convincing degree of certainty upon our own duties in the matter. It may be a coincidence, or it may be by design, that this delightful occasion marks the one hundredth anniversary also of the Battle of Waterloo. Your Masonic ancestors little knew that on the very night that their Chapter was born, Napoleon Bonaparte, with his defeated legions, was beating a hasty retreat from the field of carnage that marked his end; that field of battle which so altered the Map of Europe, and sent the “Mighty somnambulist of a

vanished dream" to his long merited exile. The scourge of Europe, like Attila, the Hun, met his final overthrow, and Peace once more spread its gentle radiance over a much suffering people. Would that this day, too, might mark the end of blood and battle, and that Waterloo also might find a peaceful anniversary.

I have been requested to speak to you upon a very important subject—not Progressive Masonry, but Progress in Masonry. This subject contemplates the whole duty of man in his various relations to his fellows; it points unerringly to the material, mental and moral attitude that we, as Masons, should assume towards those who are bound to us by the stronger tie; and in this relationship, as it bears upon the present European conflict, I have found my text.

I hold these truths to be axiomatic:

- (a) No man has a right to assist another in the commission of crime.
- (b) WAR is crime.
- (c) No matter what the provoking cause may have been, we have no right to lend a hand towards the subjugation or humiliation of a foreign power.

Every man believes in the justness of his cause; and we, either as a Nation or as individuals, have no right to judge between them.

Upon the foregoing propositions, we may build the following corrolaries:

Progress in Masonry means backwardness in crime. Progress in Masonry means the suppression

of evil, wherever found, regardless of the power, prestige or social advancement of those who promote it.

Progress in Masonry means a united brotherhood, loyal among ourselves, and tolerant of the opinions of others. It means a gradual and uninterrupted approachment towards, and a sympathetic understanding of, the Prince of Peace—whether it be that He has already been among us, or is yet to come.

Progress in Masonry means that we should lend no aid to any warrior, unless his battles be for the weak and against the strong; for righteousness as against evil; for light as opposed to darkness. Let his sword be as clean as his cause; and let his cause be for Truth.

Progress in Masonry means that we should refuse absolutely, both as a Nation and as individuals, to furnish armaments of war to either party in the present war; and that we should look with scorn upon those misguided men who are amassing fortunes in the sale of these engines of destruction. Ah, but they say, what have we to do with Europe? We owe nothing to its people! Brethren, let us remember that it was the first criminal of Earth that asked that question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" And the curse was laid upon him.

Progress in Masonry means that we should demand of the Treaty-making powers that their Compacts be made in the interest of peace and not of

war; that it should be a violation of International Law for any neutral power to furnish arms to a belligerent; and we should demand of our National Legislature that it enact such laws as will prevent the exportation of arms to Europe, not only in times of war, but in times of peace also.

Brethren, our protestations of love for one another, our boasted antiquity in all matters of charity, are but shams and delusions, unless we prove them real by the unquestioned evidence of our daily lives. We hear men say that wars are inevitable; that they are governed by psychological conditions over which we have no control. But I say to you that nothing is unavoidable that can be fashioned by man; the inevitable belongs to God alone. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul," my brother—you who profit by the sin of others; you who feed the flame with your usurious fuel and fill your purse from the heart-breaks of Europe. God alone will be able to name you in the great beyond. War is man-made, strife is human, conflict was born in Eden with the sin of Cain.

Progress in Masonry means that we should yield a cheerful obedience to those laws that we understand. It claims no divine right, it countenances no usurper of divine attributes; it does not believe in the Hohenzollerns, Hapsbergers, Guelphs or Savoys; and it wants Peace. And to those who are filling their coffers unjustly by the sale of shells and gun

cotton, let me request them to read just a few lines
that may set them right:

Father of all, in every age,
 In every clime adored;
By Saint, by Savage and by Sage—
 Jehovah, Jove or Lord!

Thou first great cause, least understood,
 Who all my thoughts confned,
To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate
 To know the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in fate,
 Left free the Human will.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show—
 That mercy show to me.

If I am right, thy Grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart,
 To find the better way.

AN ARCH WITHOUT A KEYSTONE

W. C. WICKER, P. H. P.

Grand Lecturer, Grand Chapter, N. C.



Brethren and Companions:

At this Centennial celebration of Concord Chapter No. 1, we stand before an Arch that spans a hundred years of Masonic history, rich in experience, replete with good works, and crowded with roseate memories of manly deeds, fraternal feelings and splendid prophesies of greater achievements. This arch of Masonic history, spanning a hundred years of fraternal service to humanity, does not by any means complete the history and service of this ancient and honorable institution; hence we would designate it as *an Arch without a Keystone*. This conception of your worthy Chapter is no misnomer, for it stands for incompleteness, for greater progress and development. This celebration, in which so many distinguished visitors and guests are engaged, is a promise and prophecy of greater progress and service to mankind.

All great undertakings are first ideal, and then manifested in the realization of the ideal.

All great buildings are first thought out, and then wrought out by projecting the ideal into its realization. One day it was my privilege to stand beneath the shadow of the great Cologne Cathedral, with its graceful spires sweeping up toward the blue dome of the sky, three hundred feet, with its turrets,

and graceful columns, its harmonious structure in the form of a crucifix, five hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad—a most beautiful model of Gothic structure—the admiration of the world and the gathering place for devout worshippers who have been turning their footstops hither since the twelfth century for prayer and praise and holy worship, and yet this masterpiece of architectural creation required three centuries after it was conceived in thought, to reach completeness of structure. Both operative and speculative Masons are said to have journeyed hither from Holland and other countries to combine their artistic thought and skillful labor in the completion of this building.

Masonry is a great cathedral, conceived by the Divine mind, directed by the great thinkers of every age, country and clime. It has its ideal as well as its real side. It is one thing to attain unto the actual achievements to which the Masonic art has reached, and quite another to realize the ideal of the Masonic art. The professed Mason may understand all the phraseology of symbolic Masonry; he may learn the Masonic law to perfection, and the royal purple of the fraternity may grace his honored shoulders; but unless he possesses that ideal spirit, that "purity of life and rectitude of conduct" which distinguishes the true from the false, the ideal from the superficial Masonic life, he has never entered into the inner sanctuary of the Masonic art.

One day I stood in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and my guide pointed out an artistic piece of work—executed by a great French

artist. This artist held, in ideal thought, the complete pattern and design of a perfect series of historic pictures, but in the process of execution, in his attempt to objectify his ideal and give it to coming generations, his foot slipped and he fell to the floor beneath and was crushed to death. No other artist could complete the work, for no other mind could conceive the ideal. The picture to this day is incomplete. It is *an Arch without a Keystone!*

Masonry is an ideal series of pictures of an artistic, moral life, with all its parts and proportions, shadows and light, background and projections. It has been conceived—idealized—by the brightest minds of all ages. Some of the pictures have been projected on the canvass of human life. Some of its beauties have been revealed; some of its light has mingled with the shadows of human experience; some of its sympathy has touched the cords of human suffering. The child—homeless, penniless and friendless, with outstretched hands, crying for bread in the night, has been heard, and food and shelter, kindness and sympathy have been provided; and under the fostering care of Masonic love and tenderness they have been fed and clothed, trained and educated, and given back to the State strong in manhood and womanhood to meet the higher duties and responsibilities of life. This is a mental picture that will furnish food for thought to the greatest artist of the world.

But with ample and growing provision for helpless childhood, the picture was not complete. The other extreme of helpless humanity must be pro-

vided for. The *Arch was still without a Keystone*. The Masonic work was still incomplete. Not only was the establishing, equipment and maintenance of the Oxford Orphanage to enlist the concern of the great Masonic heart of our beloved brotherhood, but the aged and indigent, the noble sons and daughters of light who had borne the burden and heat of the day, when peace and plenty and prosperity smiled upon them, must now in their declining years have a "Home" in which to find rest, a soft pillow upon which to rest their silvery locks in peace for the good that they have done and, please God, may yet do, in softening the heart of the fraternity for nobler deeds and greater achievements for the real spirit of Masonry.

There are those who thought they had become expert Masons, when they had only learned some of the simpler forms of the Masonic art. The essential element of Masonry they had not received. They had builded a beautiful arch with all symmetry and beauty of perfection; but it was not complete. *It lacked the Keystone* to hold every other stone in place. When they had made further progress and more proficiency, they thought that they had reached completeness in Masonic art. But still there is more light—further light and information, that enabled them to realize something more of the beauties and glories of this great Order. There are many Master Masons to-day who think they have all the secrets of Masonry, but there are richer and deeper truths yet to learn. Ahead of them "future genera-

tions" have been digging "among the rubbish" and making discoveries that would enable them to complete the Royal Arch of human character building by placing the Keystone—the real spirit of friendship, fraternity and brotherly love—in every relationship of human life and build an Arch that would span from earth to Heaven and complete the mystic tie that can never be broken.

THE BIBLE AND FREEMASONRY

HENRY BANKS, P.G.H.P.

Captain of the Host, General Grand Chapter, U.S.A.



Most Excellent Toastmaster:

I thank you for your kind words of introduction to this splended assemblage of Masons. I am glad you spoke so well of those speakers who preceded me, for we fail so often to speak well of our friends until they have passed from us. I have a motto that I have tried to incorporate into my own life, and I commend it to you, my brethren: I would not pluck one flower from the wreath that rests upon the brow of the worthy dead, but I had rather give with loving hands a bunch of violets to my living friend, than wait to cover his grave with a garden of roses.

“For what need of the rope, if it be not flung
Until the hand of the swimmer to the rock hath clung?
What help in the Comrades bugle blast
When the peril of the alpine height be past?
What need that the cheering paen roll
When the feet of the runner hath passed the goal?
Nay! Nay! If you have but one word of cheer,
Speak it while your friend is alive to hear.”

Your introductory remarks giving me all my Masonic titles, reminds me of a story. A man by the name of Jenkins, a soldier in the revolutionary war, was telling his experience in the battle of Monmouth. He said, “every time I fired a soldier of the enemy fell, until there were piled up in front of me a great

heap of dead men. General Washington came riding down where I was and said, Jenkins, cease firing; you are not waging warfare, you are committing murder." I said "General, I haven't but fifteen more loads left, let me fire them." General Washington said, "No, Jenkins, not another shot." I said "I'll quit, General, as it is your order." The General rode off, but returned and said, "Jenkins, hereafter when you address me, don't call me General, but call me George." Hereafter, Mr. Toastmaster, don't call me Most Excellent and Most Worshipful—just call me Henry.

I congratulate you, my Companions, on the history of your splendid Chapter, its age and the great good it has done. What an appropriate name for a Masonic body—Concord. I looked in the dictionary for the meaning of the word; I did not consult Webster. I am reminded of an instance that occurred down in Georgia: A speaker was making a speech where the success of his argument depended upon the word——he said with great emphasis, "What does Daniel Webster say in his Dictionary this word means?" A friend sitting by said in a loud undertone, "Noah, Noah." The speaker turned to him and said, "Noah, you fool. Noah built the Ark; Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary." The word Concord is derived from *Con*, together, and *Cordis*, hearts. So the meaning of the name of your Chapter is Hearts together, and one hundred years ago those nineteen Companions, with hearts together began the work that made this splendid gathering possible.

Three years ago I had the pleasure of being with you and delivering an address at the Anniversary of St. John's Lodge No. 1. I never realized the danger of undertaking to deliver an address twice to the same audience until I had accepted your invitation to address you this evening. I have tried to formulate something different. A few days ago a preacher told me he was troubled with insomnia. I told him I have a remedy; if, when he retired at night, he would take a text and imagine he was standing before his congregation and begin to preach, he would be asleep in five minutes. I have tried it and it never fails; for several weeks, after retiring, I have imagined I was standing where I am now; I would say Mr. Toastmaster, Companions and Brother Masons, and then for five minutes I would begin to deliver a beautiful address and then I would fall into the arms of Morpheus and it was good-bye speech.

I am glad to be present and take part in the one hundredth anniversary of Concord Chapter. I have no garden of beautiful flowers of poetic thought from which I can gather the Marchael Neil, American Beauties and the panzies of poetic speech, but I would pluck from the garden of my heart a bunch of modest violets, dripping with the dew of Fraternal Love and place them with fervent hand upon the altar of Concord Chapter.

My theme is *The Holy Bible and Freemasonry*. I would prefer to talk to you without a subject—the theme selected is too deep for me. I am tempted to do with it what the old negro down in Georgia did with the turtle; he had been fishing and in the even-

ing he was returning home holding a turtle by the tail; he intended keeping him alive until Sunday. He met two men in the road one of whom was a ventriloquist; he threw his voice in the turtle and made him say, "look here, nigger, what you gonner do wid me?" The negro was startled and said "what dat you say?" "I say what you gwine do wid me?" The old negro said, "I'm gwine lay you right down here in de road and leave you." I would like to do that with my theme—for it is greater than I can do justice to. We can stand but for a brief time before this sublime theme as one who, standing at the entrance to some grand Cathedral, catches the sweet strain of some glorious symphony as it floats out to mingle with the discordant sounds of the busy, bustling world.

The Holy Bible is the inspired Word of God; it is unlike any other book. No human mind can fathom its depths or understand all it declares, for God's ways are not as our ways or His thoughts as our thoughts. All thought that originates in the mind of man can be understood by human mind. When some great actor has absorbed one of the immortal Shakespeare's tragedies he absorbs and can impart all that Shakespeare thought and felt, and no more. Not so with the Word of God. Any number of the brightest minds in the Theological world can take one text from the Bible and prepare a sermon each, and no two will be alike. Each one will find some rich gem not seen by the other—the mine is inexhaustable. It cannot be fathomed by the finite because it originated in the mind of the Infinite. The

Bible is a mine that gives up richer treasures the deeper you delve; the more you study it the richer the nuggets of truth and righteousness you will discover. This, if for no other reason, would stamp upon the Bible the truth of its divine inspiration.

The marvelous manner of its preservation for four hundred and seventy years while the hearts and minds of men were turned from thoughts of God, is an evidence of the protection thrown about His Word.

The history of its heroes, giving their lives just as they lived them, portraying their vices as well as their virtues, is an evidence of its Inspiration. Human biography is not so truthful. Man writes the lives of his heroes with a pen dipped in the ink of evasion and pointed with falsehood. God writes the lives of his heroes with a pen dipped in the ink of candor and tipped with the diamond point of truth. The book of the law tells how Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, went down into the land of Egypt and, fearful for his life, lied to King Pharoah and said his wife was his sister. Jacob, who saw the Heavenly vision at Bethel and wrestled with the Angel of the Lord at Peniel, was the same Jacob that swindled his brother out of his birthright and cheated his father-in-law out of his cattle. Moses, the great lawgiver of Israel, lost his temper at the continued murmuring of the chosen people of God and struck the rock to bring forth water contrary to God's command, and lost the joy of entering the Promised Land; coming down from the very presence of God on Mount Sinai with the "Book of the Law" in his hands, became so

angry at the idolatry of the children of Israel that he cast it from him and broke it. David, the "sweet singer of Israel," the "man after God's own heart," was traitor to his friend and had him slain in battle that he might take his wife.

These are a few of the plain truths God tells of his heroes. The superiority of the Bible over all other books in its varied subjects, and the growing interest with which one reads and re-reads it, gives it the impress of inspiration. If you choose history it gives you the wonderful story of the Hebrew Nation, the "chosen people of God," and the marvelous prophecy of Amos the Prophet, that "the House of Israel should be sifted among all nations," so truly fulfilled in the present day—as they mingle with all nations, yet separate and distinct, running like the marvelous gulf stream through the ocean of humanity. Would you read the prize poems of the ages? You will find them in the songs of the wise King and of Israel's sweet singer, David. Or if your fancy turns to loves sweet story, what more beautiful and charming than the wooing of Ruth by Boaz, or the loyal devotion of Queen Esther as she goes in unbidden to the presence of her Lord, the King, and pleads for and obtains the safety of her people.

But it is in the wonderful manner in which the Bible meets the needs of the spiritual nature of man that its Divine Inspiration is most strongly shown. Man has a three-fold nature—physical, mental and moral; a strict compliance with the injunctions laid down in the Bible tendeth towards strength. And human law is founded upon its precepts; the civilized

nations of the world, recognizing the wisdom of its moral code have based the law of society upon it. The Bible is the pioneer of civilization; going in advance it hews down the forests, levels mountains, and makes the road smooth for the onward progress of man in his journey towards the good and true. While the Bible contains the truest and purest principles that can control and guide for good the physical and mental, its aim is directed primarily for the betterment of the spiritual nature of man. The Bible urges man to pray to the great Creator, and yet in my opinion not one in a thousand so-called prayers that go out from the lips of man are real prayers. Prayer to reach the heart of God must be preceded by a complete removal of all that interferes between the creature man and the Great Creator. We cannot go to God in true prayer and hold back some act of wrong doing; we must make confession to him and repent of every sin and thus remove every impediment between the prayer asking soul and the prayer answering God. We too often act as the man down in Georgia did. He had been drunk for many days and finally he was carried to his home a physical, nervous wreck and they placed him in bed; that night there was a fearful storm; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the wind blew, and the rain came down in torrents and the house shook at every blast of the wind. He was frightened and he called his wife and said "I've got to be prayed for; send one of the children for a preacher." She said, "I'm not going to send my children out in the storm." "Well," he said, "can't you go for a preacher? I've got to be

prayed for." She said, "No, I'm not going, either." Just then a blinding flash of lightning lit up the room and the house rocked as though it would tumble down. He began to cry and said to his wife, "I tell you I've got to be prayed for; can't you pray for me?" She said "yes," and kneeling by the bed she said, "Oh! God, have mercy on my poor, wicked, drunken husband." He caught her by the arm and said "Hell! don't tell him I'm drunk." Oh! my Brothers, that is the great trouble; we want God's blessing but we want to keep our sins.

In all times and among all nations, wherever the banner of Freemasonry has been unfurled, she has had her enemies; though her pathway down the ages has been strewn with the most fragrant flowers of "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth"—though the lives of the best and purest among the sons of men have been magnificent monuments to the grandeur of her mission, yet her enemies have not failed to decry her merits or ceased their efforts to destroy her usefulness. While the Masons of this glorious century—this century of soul liberty—have the freedom to erect her temples and worship about her altars, the spirit of enmity still exists and adverse criticism of her methods are fully offered by those who are ignorant of her mission or blind to the rich prestige of her labors. When we consider the antiquity of Freemasonry, the dangers through which she has so safely passed, the persecutions of bigotry, superstition and fanaticism she has so successfully met and repelled, and behold her to-day with the glory of centuries clustering about her brow, and the

years of labor resting so lightly upon her unbowed form, standing upright and stately with all the vigor of her early youth, her feet as elastic to run errands of mercy—knees as supple to bend in prayer for brothers' need—breast as faithful to receive and keep a brothers' whispered words—hands as ready and strong to support a falling brother, and lips ever whispering words of cheer and comfort to the ear of distress—we stand with unshod feet and uncovered head at her mystic portals and fain would lay the laurel wreath of well earned fame upon her pure white brow.

The flight of time has not dulled her ardor or made sluggish the blood that richly courses through her veins. The finger of the ages has been powerless to mark the years of passage upon her beautiful face. Her form unbent by the burdens she has borne; her eyes undimmed, catch the sign of trouble, and her ears are quick to hear the plaintive cry of distress, while Old Father Time, with all his perseverance, has not yet accomplished the task of unweaving the meshes of her hair, or weaving one silver thread among its golden tresses.

Although her pathway down the ages has been marked by magnificent monuments of glorious achievement and gems of precious truth sparkle about her feet, yet she has not been and is not now, free from detraction. The mystery and secrecy that hedge her in and veil her beauties from the prying eyes of the world is no barrier to her mission. She came into the world at the cry of distress, uttered in man's need. No blare of trumpets or flaunting ban-

ners heralded her coming, but secretly and silently, as the dews distilled upon Hermon, she came from the loving heart of God to take her place as one of His mighty factors in the building up of the waste places in His moral kingdom, and to bless man by the beneficent power of her secret, silent influences.

For centuries Masonry has stood "like some massive rock based in ocean's bosom." The storms of persecution and fanaticism have hurled themselves against her base. Envy, malice and all the foes of truth and righteousness have endeavored to shake her from her deep-seated place in the love and esteem of the pure and true of earth. Firm and immovable, she has withstood the attacks of all adversaries.

Firmly founded upon the eternal rock of "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth," she has seen the rise and fall of dynasties, witnessed the birth, death and burial of nations; been chief mourner with the destitute and oppressed in all times and in all lands, and stands to-day, next to the Church of the Living God, the grandest institution, the mightiest instrument for good, in all the world.

Around the base of this mighty mountain clouds of mystery hang; but its peak is ever glory-crowned by the sunlight of God's approving smile.

No statement is truer than this: That God in nature has created in her silent moods and secret workings more beauties to charm the eye and please the taste; has wrought grander results in her laboratory for the good of man, and the glory of Himself, than in her more open ways and methods. God's

work in creation's morn was secret and mysterious, for,

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.”

When Jehovah, seated upon His throne in the midst of space, determined to create, He spoke and nature obeyed. Order was evolved from chaos, and harmony reigned where discord had held full sway. At His word, or command, darkness fled and light flashed through the universe. He stretched forth the hand of His power, and sun, moon and planets dropped from His fingers and studded the skies like diamonds set in the ebony ring of night.

“In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters and God said, ‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.”

In obedience to that august command, the sun god, drawing its flaming sword, mounted his chariot and began that ceaseless pursuit of darkness that has never faltered.

Light has ever been the symbol of right; darkness the symbol of wrong. Before the voice of God was heard breaking the silence of the universe and calling light into being, the symbol of wrong reigned supreme over the new-made world.

Second by second of time, since that first dawn, light has ever been stepping upon the heels of fleeing

darkness. The conflict between light and darkness in the physical world has not been more constant and unrelenting than the warfare between right and wrong. Since Adam was driven from the Garden and the angel guard, with threatening sword, was placed at the Garden gate, the heart of man has ever been the battle-ground of this warfare; the soul of man, the prize of the contending forces. The redeemed of God, looking over the battlements of heaven, have been silent, anxious witnesses of the contest. Sometimes, as Wrong, with fearful temptations, captures some poor weak soul and bears it off to its dread domain, tears of sorrow fall from angel eyes; and then, when Right, ever fighting, never conquered, cheered on by the angelic host, renews the contest, recaptures the poor weak soul from the bondage of Wrong, heaven rings with the glad songs of joy, and angel hands sweep the heavenly harps, making such melody that the hosts about the throne shout, and shout again, the glad songs of "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to man."

Among the many allies of right in this continuous battle, next to the Church of God, Freemasonry stands forth the most ancient and the most helpful of them all. Her sons are called the "Sons of Light"; her mission is to dispel the darkness of humanity; her message to the world is the Brotherhood of Man. She is the hand-maiden of religion.

Hand in hand, with the Holy Bible as a lamp to their feet, the two walk the rough and rugged pathway of human life. Freemasonry teaches morals. Religion offers the cup of salvation to thirsty souls.

Freemasonry, believing in the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, teaches upright living. Religion, believing the same, teaches how to attain immortality in the great beyond.

Masonry, with her beautiful ritual, impressive ceremonies and the glory of centuries clustering about her brow, stripped of her moral character, would lose her greatest charm, her most precious jewel. For morality is her foundation, Truth and Virtue her pillars, and Brotherly Love the high priest that ministers at her altars. To be "good men and true" is the first and most important lesson taught within her sacred walls. Every step of the candidate, from his preparation to the last solemn scene, as he passes through her beautiful ceremonies and is inducted into her mysteries, leads along a pathway strewn with fragrant flowers of truth, while diamonds of virtue sparkle about his feet, illuminating the mind with moral light, flooding the heart with a celestial glow or divine principles, inspiring the soul and leading up to a higher plane of holy, upright living.

Her emblems, teeming with thoughts of God, pressing home to the heart duty to God and man, are intended to render us more honorable, God-fearing and God-loving, and as a result, more useful and helpful to those around us. The blessings of Masonry are not confined to those who have passed through her ceremonies and been instructed in her mysteries. The candidate for her honors having passed through the various stages and in possession of all her working tools, should be prepared to labor, not only in the

quarry of his own being, but by precept and example to teach the art of moral architecture to those about him. No institution, be its principles ever so grand and glorious, can ever hope to impress them upon the world to any greater extent than those principles are expounded by the lives of its members. Ancient and honorable as this grand institution is—possessed of the grandest principles and most sublime truths—the world will judge her by our lives, and the influence of Masonry will be felt for good in proportion as we let the light of these truths shine out in our conduct.

Every Mason is professedly on the side of good, having wandered in darkness we now have the light. Darkness is the type of evil; "men love darkness because their deeds are evil;" when by good deeds and good words of purity, honesty, uprightness and charity we let our light shine, evil flees away as darkness flees before the light of the rising sun. The possibility of doing good by letting our light shine in the practice of all the beautiful lessons taught in the several degrees is limited only by our opportunities, and who can limit them? At home, abroad, in our various avocations, among friends or with strangers, these opportunities rise about us with every hour of the day. Our influence will be felt for good or evil, with or without our knowledge or consent. We will impress in some way those with whom we come in contact. No man is without influence of some kind. How essential then, that we guard well the portals of this earthly temple in which our souls have their dwelling place, and in doing this guard and guide the lives of

others. Then use your influence for good with all you meet, though the meeting be ever so brief. For

Like a plank of driftwood tossed on the watery main,
Another plank encounters, meets, touches, parts again;
So tossed and drifting ever on life's unresting sea,
Men meet, and greet, and sever, parting eternally.

When the worlds were planned and placed, Nature, the high priestess that ministers about His altars, retired to the holy of holies and began those secret, mysterious rites whose fruits have blessed the world. Waving her magic wand, tree, shrub and grass spring up to clothe the earth in garments of green, putting forth their bloom and blossom and bearing fruit in their appropriate season. Behold the mystery of nature, silently, mysteriously, but busily, at work with Life and Death as her handmaidens, she passes through the universe in the glaring sunlight and in midnight darkness, above and beneath the earth, working her enchantments; she forces her mystic power through the dead carbon and transmutes it into the flashing diamond, to glitter in some monarch's crown, or kiss the blush upon some beauty's cheek. Again she waves her magic wand, and long buried forests are transformed into the black diamonds of our modern coal fields, and with the mighty pressure of her giant hands she takes the coal fields with her secret grip and streams of natural oil flow forth to brighten and gladden the homes of men. She strikes the rock and springs gush from the mountain side to water the plains below, and give cooling drink to man and beast. She laves her soiled

hands in their limpid flow and lightly tripping through the gardens of the world, she paints, with rare artistic touch, the blush upon the rose's cheek and breathes her purity in the lily's leaves. Whispering her wishes, the morning glory, robed in royal purple, pays homage to the awakening morn, the stately sunflower renders reverence to the glory and beauty of the day in the south, while the moon-flower opens up its pure white leaves at close of day to bid adieu to the sun in the west and greet the coming of the Queen of Night.

With what wondrous mystery nature performs her work. The violet, the lily and the rose, springing side by side from the same soil, bathed by the same dews, basking in the same sunlight, each selects and appropriates from nature's laboratory the colors and perfumes peculiar to itself.

The mystery in nature is all about us. The five senses pay homage to its law. It comes to us in the sweet odors and rich delicacies that please the senses of smell and taste. We feel its throbbing in every heart beat, it tingles along every nerve at the touch of pain; it is heard in the merry laughter that waits on joy and in the wail of grief uttered by sorrow; it is heard in the first articulate cry of the new-born babe, and keeps time to its footsteps through the journey of life, and is heard in the last sigh as the soul takes its flight. This mystery comes to us day by day in the first beams of the sun that catch our eye in the east, and lingers with us in the soft radiance of the sunset; in the night watches it looks down upon us in every twinkling star. It is seen in every

opening flower and budding bush. It flashes in the rays of the sun and sleeps in the curtained night. It is seen in the falling rain upon the thirsty soil; in the snow that mantles the earth in its robe of purity, and the dew drop that sparkles on the blade of grass. It is heard in the rivulet on its murmuring way to the sea; in the ocean's roar, as its ceaseless waves beat upon the shore; in the gentle zephyr that fans the cheek, and in the sweeping cyclone as it tears along its destroying way. It is seen in the elastic step of youth; in the steady tread of manhood, and in the tottering footfalls of old age. It is heard in the notes of songbirds, and the chirp of the cricket upon the hearth; it is seen in the graceful flight of the butterfly, and heard in the voices of the insect world.

But mysterious as are the workings of nature in the domain of inanimate creation, still more are they in the realm of life.

All creatures, from the mole that burrows in the earth, to the monarch of the forest—the smallest mote that floats in the atmosphere, to the soaring eagle, whose undaunted eye reflects the brightness of the blazing sun—the most finite particle of animal life that moves in the waters of the deep to the mighty monster that rolls amid its billows—all obey the laws implanted in them by their great Creator's hand, while man alone has dared to defy his Maker's law and mar the beautiful design drawn upon the trestle board of his nature. That this is true we know, for we have but to look within to see the broken column of these earthly temples of God. Taking the working tools of the craft, then apply the square of

truth and virtue, and find our lives not square and perfect; neither do we stand uprightly by the stern line of rectitude, or walk evenly upon the level of time.

The trowels in our hands are rusty from lack of use, for the cement of brotherly love has not always been spread with generous hand. The hours of relief have been so destitute of service that we have well nigh lost the gauge's use, while from lack of labor our arms have become too weak to wield the gavel in preparing the rough ashlar for the Great Builder's use. Wrong and error stalk among us, and oftentimes, unseemly, tread our checkered floor. The mission of Masonry in the world is to fight the wrong and defend the right. Is she needed? Is her mission ended? Coming in answer to man's need for moral help, she has come to stay. Until there are no wrongs to right, no sin to fight, no distress to help, no woes to heal, no lessons of purity and righteousness to teach; when, by the practice of our secret art the original design shall be restored to the tresle board, and man is faithfully working it out, then, and not till then, will her mysteries be revealed and her mission be complete.

Mysterious and wonderful as are the manifestations of God's hand in the realm of nature, yet more so are they in the spiritual or moral kingdom. Who can compute the mysterious power of faith? The faithful heart with trust in God breathes in silence its wishes. Swifter than electric flash it flies along the golden wire of faith to the loving heart of God. In quick response the gates of pearl are wide open thrown

that His messengers on angel wings may bear his answer to the prayer of faith. It was the mysterious power of faith that nerved the arm of the "Father of the Faithful" in that hour of supremest test. It gave the Prophet Daniel courage to defy the mandate of the king and thrice daily turn his face to Jerusalem and his heart to God in prayer.

It threw its mysterious shield of protection about the forms of the Hebrew children, as they walked unscathed amid the roaring flames of the seven-times-heated furnace. It parted the waters of the Red Sea for the passage of the children of Israel. It was a "cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" as they wandered for forty years. Its mysterious healing power was felt by them as they looked upon the brazen serpent, uplifted in the wilderness. Its mystic power is felt as it flows in rhythmic measure through the songs of the "sweet singer of Israel," and like a thread of gold, it will be woven in the robes of righteousness we shall wear around the throne of God. As with such mystery God has clothed His wondrous works in nature and in grace, and through them showered blessings upon the world, so shall Masonry, His servant, continue her blessed work among the erring sons of man.

In the mysterious economy of God's purpose, in nature and in grace, we find an adequate supply for every demand. Mother Earth reaches up her hands in the myriads of trees and shrubs and prays for warmth and moisture. In answer the windows of heaven are opened, and she is flooded with sunlight and bathed in showers. She calls for rest and

the night of winter falls upon her, and she sinks to sleep, recuperating her forces for the spring-time budding bush and flowering plant.

Every species of life, every particle of the vegetable kingdom, from the tiniest blade of grass to the monarch oak of the forest, whose weather-beaten trunk and storm tossed head has stood for ages; the cultivated flowers in conservatory and the wild beauties of the field—all cry out their needs to nature's God; and He, with wondrous wisdom and loving care, supplies the need.

Consider the mysterious mechanism of our own bodies, the countless demands the different functions make, and see with what promptness they are met. The eye makes its demands and spread out before its vision lie the magnificent panorama of nature. The beauties of the sunrise, the thousand attractions of the day, the glowing sunset as the western sky is tinted with richer colors than any ever traced by human hands. When, at night, looking up, we behold the world above us, our hearts in worship declare with the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." When the sense of hearing makes its demand, from the valleys and forest-covered hillsides the sweet melodies of the song birds burst upon the ear, and in the stillness of the night we can almost catch the song of the spheres as they swing in peace, and hear the song of nature as it pours out its praise to nature's God. When we see how careful God has been to furnish every demand with what it needs, we feel sure that if He has been so prompt in answering the cry

of that which is transient, He will be as true in dealing with the demand of the soul in its cry for immortality. "If a man die shall he live again?" The most earnest question ever made by the creature to the Creator was the cry of Job, but he only uttered the cry of every soul that has lived since Adam was thrust out of the Garden and kept out by the flaming sword of the angel guard."

This mysterious cry of the ages will have its mysterious answer, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." How the human heart cries out for immortality. The pyramids of Egypt, Cleopatra's needle, cenotaphs and obelisk, and every marble shaft that marks the sleeping places of the dead are mute witnesses of man's pleading for immortality.

I am sure that when our work is ended that what we call death will be but the open door to a newer, broader, grander life, for the glories of this world are not to be compared with the glories of that better land toward whose bourne we are traveling, if we be Masons true. The contrast between that life and this will be great indeed, for here some of the "Sons of Light" move among the scenes of this life unknown for what they are. Some of them move with feeble, tottering steps, their bodies clothed with garments tattered and torn, their forms bent by the burdens they have borne; their heads whitened by the cold, frosty neglect of this world, their eyes dimmed by the close watchfulness of the small, but essential things

to sustain life; their hands cramped by their hard struggle for bread; but behold a mystery—the mystery of mysteries when the Lord of Glory shall send His white-winged messengers to bear the “Son of Light” to His heavenly home! The bowed and burdened form will stand erect with the strength of immortality; the torn and tattered garb will be laid aside for a white robe of righteousness; the whitened locks will be crowned with a diadem of glory; the eyes, whose sight has been washed out by the bitter tears of grief, will receive new sight, for “God will wipe away all tears;” the feeble, tottering steps will have the elasticity of eternal youth, and the cramped and awkward hands will sweep with such matchless grace across the strings of the heavenly harp, making such music of joy and gladness, that the angels around the throne of God will wake the echoes of heaven with glad songs of joyous welcome to the “Son of Light,” who has come up out of great tribulation and by the power of the “lion of the tribe of Judah” been raised from the dead level of sorrow, where sin had laid him low, to a living perpendicular of an immortality of joy to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away.

Who of us can deny the good that comes to man through the mysterious influences of faith, hope and love—those three graces that adorn alike religion and Freemasonry?

Faith in God—in His wisdom, His power, and His love—is a duty laid upon man. We can see God only as we see the evidences of His glorious attributes. And He has scattered with lavish hand evidences of

Himself all about us; He appeals to every faculty of our being, and lays His mandate upon all nature to compel man's faith, and to draw man through faith up to Himself.

At early morn He draws the drapery of night aside, and wakes the sleeping world with His smile; He paints the hills and valleys with rich and varied colors to gladden the eye and cheer the heart with their beauty. He kisses the rose's cheek with his sunlight, and it blushes in His presence; He pours the rich fragrance of His love upon the gardens of the world and the flowers give forth their sweet perfume; He scatters His dew-drops upon the blades of grass and they are decked in diamonds; He sends His rain upon the thirsty land, and field, and forest, in glad response yield fruit and flower in homage to His loving law; He covers the barren fields with winter's mantle of purity, and crowns the hills in springtime with green emblem of immortality; He has tuned the song bird's throat to praise Him, and made the murmuring brook to sing of His glory.

His voice is heard in all nature, calling man to faith. His hands are beneath all things, lifting man through faith up to Himself. His voice is heard in the gentle patter of the rain fall, as it lulls us into sweet and peaceful slumber, and in the fearful cloud-burst that frightens and dismays; in the rippling wind as it dances upon the smiling lake, and in the fury of the storm that forces old ocean's billows high up upon the shore. Oh! Faith, divinely given, thou hast a thousand charms to make our hearts thy home!

In character building, which is your mission and mine, faith, the first of Mosaic virtues, is the cornerstone upon which the temple is erected; while hope, and charity, are the pomegranite and lily work that adorn and beautify the structure.

When we open wide our hearts and receive these three graces, and weave them into the warp and woof of our natures, our own lives are made happy and the sweet perfume of their presence will gladden and brighten the lives of those about us; and when life's cares and toils are over, these three will draw aside the veil that separates this life from the future and usher us into the glad presence of the King Eternal.

Hope, the second of this trinity of graces, is founded on faith, and springs eternal in the human breast. She walks beside us in life's darkest hours, and scatters light upon our darkened path and adds pleasure when the darkness has fled away. Hope is the elixir that faith administers to aching hearts, making present ills seem small; she stands upon the hill-tops of Time, and with smiling face beckons youth, and young manhood to hasten on, to view the beautiful landscapes that lay spread out in the valleys beyond, and when youth, and young manhood have gone with the flight of time, Hope sits a smiling, welcome guest at the fireside of age and infirmity. Hope sits in the felon's cell, and walks by the side of the convict, ever whispering sweet promises of pardon and freedom to come. Disease does not drive her from our side and calamity and suffering only add to her labors to dispel the gloom and make the darkness light.

If hope should be banished from our lives, giant despair would walk unchallanged through the chambers of our souls. Faith and Hope are dear companions who walk hand in hand with us in the journey of life, while love is the flower girl who scatters rare blossoms in the way, and charms us with the swetness of her songs. Faith and Hope battle for us in life's fierce warfare; Love weaves the chaplet to adorn our brow, when victory is won. Faith and Hope are the trumpeters that sound the charge; Love sings sweet songs of peace when the war clouds have passed. Faith and Hope arm the warrior as he goes forth to battle; Love greets him with kisses when his warfare is over. Faith and Hope were the builders of the Ark; Love was the white-winged messenger that brought glad tidings of a new earth. Faith and Hope built the temple of the king; Love beautified it with gold and precious stones. Faith and Hope were heaven-born; but Love is Heaven itself.

Faith and Hope have wrought great works in the history of man, but Love is the greatest power the human heart has ever known. For when the veils of these earthly temples shall be rent, and our redeemed spirits shall enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem and behold its glories, Faith will be with us no more, but be lost in sight, when our feet shall tread the streets of that wondrous city and our ears shall catch the sweet strains of that matchless music that bursts from lips redeemed, Hope shall end in fruition; but Love, the immortal, will still remain, and guiding us through the beauties of that better land, will enter upon her loving task of reveal-

ing to us the mysterious dealings of Providence while we were sojourners upon earth.

A few more words and I will have finished my part in the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Concord Chapter. It is hardly probable that we shall meet again, but if not here, I trust we will meet in the great beyond. As a last word I would urge each one of us here to renew our allegiance to the sublime principles of Freemasonry. Study more earnestly her "Great Light," making it the "rule of our faith practice" and the "Man of our Councils." Thus armed we can go forth with renewed strength in the battle for right. Stamped upon our hearts and emblazoned upon our banners as our motto the words of the poet:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to bear.
I would be brave for there is much to dare;
I would be giving and forget the gift.
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up and laugh, and love and lift."

And now, my Brothers, whose youthful feet are just stepping out upon the pathway of life and with eager eye fixed upon Hope as she sits upon the hilltops of time beckoning you on to view the beautiful panorama spread out in the future; and you, my Brothers of maturer years, whose feet have climbed the hill of life and reached the summit, and pausing for a while look back on battles fought and victories won; and you, my Brothers, whose heads are crowned with the snows of many winters and whose tottering feet are

fast bearing you down the western slope of time—my wish for each of you is that at last, when Life, the Tyler, sitting at the door of your hearts, shall fall asleep at his station, and Death, the Cowan, shall enter in and break the golden bowl and loose the silver cord and break the pitcher at the fountain, and from your nerveless hands the working tools of life shall fall, may you each one receive an abundant entrance into the City and Temple of our God. And when Angel hands shall guide you through that wondrous city and you stand at last before the great white throne, “face to face with the King Eternal,” the judge of all the earth, may your souls be as pure and white as the spotless Apron of a Master Mason.

TOAST

BY DR. C. L. PRIDGEN

Senior Grand Warden Grand Lodge of N. C.



As I roam through this world, eer my journey's at end,
 May I always find friends just as true:
May dame fortune in kindness my daily path bend
 To a Lodge of good Masons like you.

In this life I have found that we get what we give:
 We are done to forsooth as we do:
So my prayer is that I may live while I live,
 Near a Lodge of good Masons like you.

There's a glint in your eye, there's a clasp in your hand:
 There's a tone in your voice ever new:
I think Paradise must be some sort of land
 With a bunch of good Masons like you.

Here's a pledge to your health, your continued success,
 For the folk of your kind are too few:
There's something to hearken, to gladden and bless
 In a bunch of good Masons like you.

So I pledge you again, and can only say this—
 But it springs from a heart that is true—
I shall always regret every hour I must miss
 From a bunch of good fellows like you.

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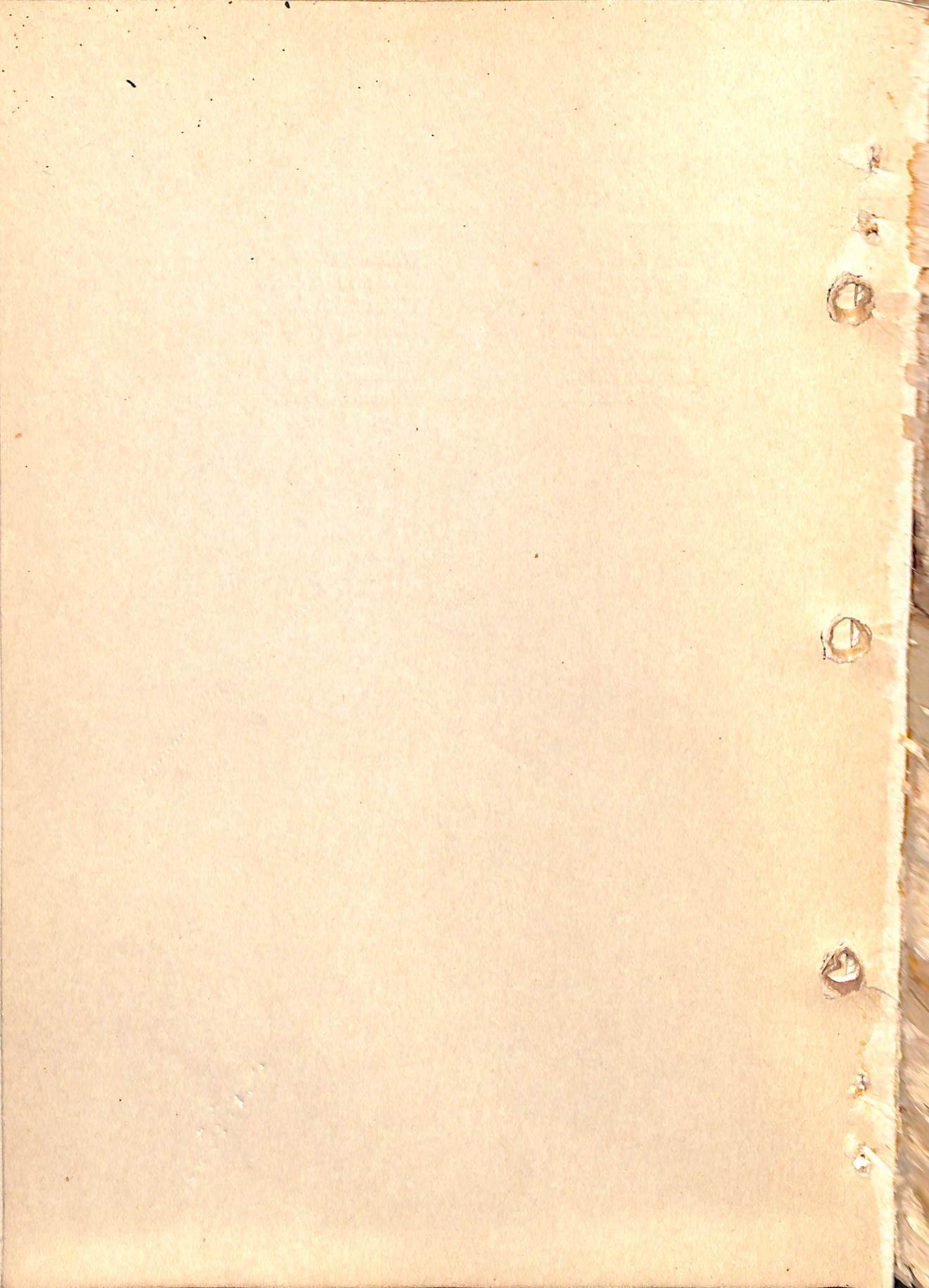
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